THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE.*

VOLUME II.

CICERO pro ARCH.

Hæc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt, ſenectutem oblectant; ſecundas res ornant, adverſis perfugium & ſolatium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.



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THE

AUTHOR to the READER.

ALL *I had to ſay of my* Writings *is contained in my Preface to the firſt of theſe Volumes, printed for* J. Tonſon, *and* B. Lintot *in quarto and folio in the year* 1717: *And all I have to ſay of* Myſelf *will be found in my laſt Epiſtle.*

I have nothing to add, but that this Volume and the abovemention'd contain whatſoever I have written and deſign'd for the preſs: except my Tranſlation of the Iliad *(with my Preface and Notes) of twelve books of the* Odyſſey, *with the Poſtſcript, (not the Notes) the Preface to* Shakeſpear, *and a few* Spectators *and* Guardians. *Whatever beſides I have written, or join'd in writing with Dr.* Swift, *Dr.* Arbuthnot, *or Mr.* Gay *(the only perſons with whom I ever wrote in conjunction) are to be*

found in the four Volumes of Miſcellanies by us publiſhed: I think them too inconſiderable to be ſeparated and reprinted here; nevertheleſs, that none of my faults may be imputed to another, I muſt own, that of the Proſe-part, the Thoughts on various Subjects *at the end of the ſecond volume, were wholly mine; and of the Verſes, the Happy Life of a Country Parſon, the Alley in imitation of Spenſer, the Characters of Macer, Artimeſia, and Phryne, the Verſes to Mrs.* M. B. *on her birth-day, and a few Epigrams.*

It will be but juſtice to me to believe, that nothing more is mine, notwithſtanding all that hath been publiſh'd in my Name, or added to my Miſcellanies ſince 1717, *by any Bookſeller whatſoever.*

A. POPE.

Jan. 1, 1734.

ETHIC EPISTLES;

TO

HENRY St. JOHN,

L. *BOLINGBROKE.*

Written in the Year 1732.

B

ETHIC ESSAYS.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING *propoſed to write ſome Pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my Lord* Bacon*'s expreſſion)* come home to Men's Buſineſs and Boſoms, *I thought it more ſatisfactory to begin with conſidering* Man *in the Abſtract, his* Nature *and his* State: *ſince to prove any moral Duty, to inforce any moral Precept, or to examine the Perfection or Imperfection of any Creature whatſoever, it is neceſſary firſt to know what* Condition *and* Relation *it is placed in, and what is the proper* End *and* Purpoſe *of its* Being.

The Science of Humane Nature is, like all other Sciences, reduced to a few, clear Points: *There are not* many certain Truths *in this World. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more Good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels as will for ever eſcape our obſervation. The* Diſputes *are all upon theſe laſt; and I will venture to ſay, they have leſs ſharpen'd the* Wits *than the* Hearts *of Men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the Practiſe,*

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more than advanced the Theory of Morality. If I could flatter my ſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ſteering betwixt Doctrines ſeemingly oppoſite, in paſſing over Terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming out of all a temperate *yet not* inconſiſtent, *and a* ſhort *yet not* imperfect *Syſtem of Ethics.*

This I might have done in Proſe; but I choſe Verſe, and even Rhyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; That Principles, Maxims, or Precepts ſo written, both ſtrike the reader more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained by him afterwards. The other may ſeem odd but is true: I found I could expreſs them more ſhortly *this way than in Proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain than that much of the* Force *as well as* Grace *of Arguments or Inſtructions depends on their* Conciſeneſs. *I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in* detail, *without becoming dry and tedious; or more* poetically, *without ſacrificing Perſpicuity to Ornament, without wandring from the Preciſion, or breaking the Chain of Reaſoning. If any man can unite all theſe, without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.*

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a general Map of MAN, *marking out no more than the* Greater Parts, *their* Extent, *their* Limits, *and their* Connection, *but leaving the Particular to be more fully delineated in the Charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs will become leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of Poetical Ornament. I am here only opening the* Fountains, *and clearing the paſſage; To deduce the* Rivers, *to follow them in their Courſe, and to obſerve their Effects, will be a task more agreeable.*

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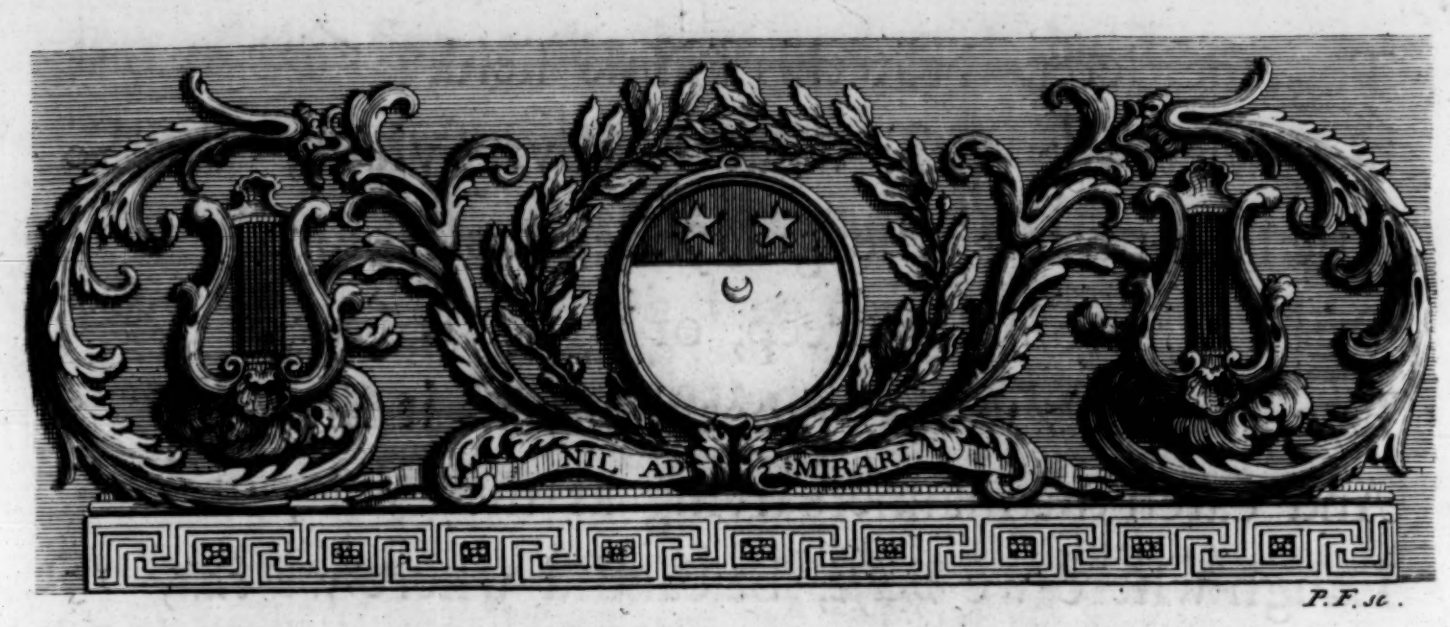
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P. F. sc.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low Ambition and the Pride of Kings.
Let Us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
Than juſt to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free, o'er all this Scene of Man,
A mighty Maze! but not without a Plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot,
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.

Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
Eye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they riſe;
Laugh where we *muſt*, be candid where we *can*,
But vindicate the Ways of GOD to Man.

Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we *reaſon*, but from what we *know*?
Of Man, what ſee we but his Station here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' Worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt Immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one Univerſe,
Obſerve how Syſtem into Syſtem runs,
What other Planets, and what other Suns?
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry Star?
May tell, why Heav'n has made us as we are.

But of this frame the bearings, and the Ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a Part contain the Whole?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Preſumptuous Man! the Reaſon would'ſt thou find
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou can'ſt, the harder reaſon gueſs
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full, or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of life and ſenſe, 'tis plain
There muſt be, ſome where, ſuch a rank as Man;

And all the queſtion (wrangle 'ere ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
  Reſpecting Man whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to All.
In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its End produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other Uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to a Sphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome gole;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
  When the proud Steed ſhall know, why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an Ægyptian God;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and why
This hour a Slave, the next a Deity?

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault?
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His being meaſur'd to his ſtate, and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate,
From Brutes what Men, from Men what Spirits know,
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the Circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of All,
A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall,
Atoms, or Syſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a Bubble burſt, and now a World!

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!

What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that *Hope* to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never is, but always to be bleſt;
The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar walk, or Milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his Hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier Iſland in the watry waſte,
Where Slaves once more their native land behold,
No Fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for Gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He asks no Angel's wing, nor Seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal Sky,
His faithful Dog ſhall bear him company.

Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence:
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all Creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt,
If Man, alone, engroſs not Heav'ns high care,
Alone, made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the Balance and the Rod,
Re-judge his Juſtice, Be the GOD of GOD!
In reas'ning Pride (my Friend) our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the Skies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebell:
And who but wiſhes to invert the Laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.
Ask for what end the heav'nly Bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe uſe; Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:

" For me, kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me the mine a thouſand treaſures brings,
" For me health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe,
" My footſtool earth, my canopy the skies.

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, or Nations to the deep?
No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by general Laws;
" Th' Exceptions few; ſome Change ſince all began;
" And what created, perfect?"— Why then Man?
If the great End be human happineſs,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do leſs?
As much that End a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſunſhine, as of Man's deſires,

As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If Plagues or Earthquakes break not heav'ns deſign,
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline?
From Pride, from Pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral, as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit;
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind:
But *All* ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the Elements of life.
The gen'ral *Order*, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

What would this Man? now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downward, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of Bulls, the fur of Bears.

Made for his uſe all Creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
  Nature to theſe without profuſion kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd,
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here, with degrees of Swiftneſs, there, of Force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each Beaſt, each Inſect, happy in its own,
Is Heav'n unkind to Man and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
  The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, beyond Mankind;
No pow'rs of Body or of Soul to ſhare,
But what his Nature and his State can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.

VER. 174. *Here with degrees of Swiftneſs, there of Force.*] It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for Strength their Swiftneſs is leſſen'd; or as they are form'd for Swiftneſs, their Strength is abated.

Say what the uſe, were finer opticks giv'n,
T' inſpect a Mite, not comprehend the Heav'n?
Or Touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart, and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or keen Effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a Roſe, in aromatic pain?
If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the Spheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all-good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The Scale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends;
Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs!
What modes of ſight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The Mole's dim curtain, and the Lynx's beam:

Of ſmell, the headlong Lioneſs between,
And hound, ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the Life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How Inſtinct varies! in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning Elephant! with thine;
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier,
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near:
Remembrance, and Reflection, how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide:
And middle Natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt Gradation, could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?

VER. 205.— *the headlong Lioneſs* —] The manner of the Lions hunting their Prey in the Deſerts of Africa is this; at their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud Roar, and then liſten to the Noiſe made by the Beaſts in their Flight, purſuing them by the Ear, and not by the Noſtril. It is probable, the ſtory of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occaſion'd by obſerving the Defect of Scent in that terrible Animal.

The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all thoſe pow'rs in one?
  See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All Matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go?
Around how wide? how deep extend below?
Vaſt Chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures Ethereal, human, Angel, Man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect; what no Eye can ſee,
No Glaſs can reach: from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing!—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full Creation leave a Void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great Scale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's Chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the Chain alike.
  And if each Syſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole;
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That Syſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her Orbit fly,
Planets and Suns ruſh lawleſs thro' the sky,
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and World on World,
Heav'ns whole foundations to their Centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the Throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break — For whom? for thee,
Vile Worm! — O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

What if the foot ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the Head?
What if the head, the eye or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd, for any Part to claim
To be Another, in this gen'ral Frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the tasks, or pains,
The great directing *Mind* of *All* ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous Whole,
Whoſe Body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the Earth as in th' Æthereal frame,

Warms in the Sun, refreſhes in the Breeze,
Glows in the Stars, and bloſſoms in the Trees,
Lives thro' all Life, extends thro' all Extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns;
To Him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Ceaſe then, nor ORDER *Imperfection* name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own *Point*: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit — in this, or any other Sphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear;
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal Hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canſt not ſee;

All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And ſpight of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpight,
One truth is clear; "Whatever Is, is RIGHT."



EPISTLE II.



Now then thy-ſelf, preſume not God to ſcan;
The proper Study of mankind is *Man*.
Plac'd on this Iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for a Stoic's pride,
He hangs between, in doubt to act or reſt,
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt,
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err,
Alike in ignorance, his Reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:

Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſ-abus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a Prey to all;
Sole Judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd;
The Glory, Jeſt, and Riddle of the World!
Go, wond'rous Creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure Earth, weigh Air, and ſtate the Tydes,
Shew by what Laws the wand'ring Planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his way.
Go, ſoar with Plato to th' Empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt Good, firſt Perfect, and firſt Fair;
Or tread the mazy round his Follow'rs trod,
And quitting Senſe call Imitating God,
As Eaſtern Prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thy-ſelf, and be a Fool!

Superior Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,

Admir'd ſuch Wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhow'd a NEWTON, as we ſhow an *Ape*.
Could He whoſe Rules the whirling Comet bind,
Deſcribe, or fix, one movement of his mind?
Who ſaw the Stars here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain, or his Beginning, or his End?
Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to Art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
Two Principles in human Nature reign;
Self-Love, to urge; and *Reaſon*, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move, or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all Good; to their improper, Ill.
Self-Love, the Spring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing Balance rules the whole;
Man, but for that, no *Action* could attend,
And but for this, were active to no *End*.

Fix'd like a Plant, on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or Meteor-like, flame lawleſs through the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the *moving* Principle requires,
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inſpires:
Sedate and quiet the *comparing* lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-Love yet ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance and in proſpect lye;
That ſees immediate Good, by preſent ſenſe,
Reaſon the future, and the conſequence;
Thicker than Arguments, Temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend:
Attention, Habit and Experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.

Let ſubtile Schoolmen teach theſe Friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide, than to unite,

And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of Wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a Name,
Have full as oft, no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy that its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower.
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt Evil, or our greateſt Good.

Modes of Self-love the PASSIONS we may call;
'Tis real Good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry Good we can divide,
And Reaſon bids us for our own provide,
Paſſions tho' ſelfiſh, if their Means be fair,
Liſt under *Reaſon*, and deſerve her care:
Thoſe that, imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome *Virtue*'s name.

In lazy *Apathy* let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a Froſt,

Contracted all, retiring to the Breaſt;
But Strength of Mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing Tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it my ravage, but preſerves the whole:
On Life's vaſt Ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the Card, but Paſſion is the Gale:
Nor GOD alone in the ſtill Calm we find,
He mounts the Storm, and *walks upon the Wind.*

Paſſions, like Elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her, and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain;
Theſe mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind:
The Lights and Shades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the Strength and Colour of our life.

Pleaſures are ever in our hands, or eyes,
And when in Act they ceaſe, in Proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of Body and of Mind:
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike,
On diff'rent Senſes diff'rent Objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong or weak the Organs of the Frame;
And hence one Maſter Paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's Serpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As Man perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking Principle of death,
The young Diſeaſe that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its *ruling Paſſion* came.
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul.
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,

Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its Mother, Habit is its Nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'ns bleſt beam turns Vinegar more ſow'r.
The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak Queen, ſome Fav'rite ſtill obey.
Ah! if ſhe lend not Arms as well as Rules,
What can ſhe more, than tell us we are Fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp Accuſer, but a helpleſs Friend!
Or from a Judge turn Pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made?
Proud of imagin'd Conqueſts all along,
She but removes weak Paſſions for the ſtrong;
So when ſmall Humours gather to a Gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, *Nature*'s Road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no Guide, but ſtill a Guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this Paſſion more as friend than foe:
A MIGHTIER POW'R the ſtrong Direction ſends,
And ſev'ral Men impells to ſev'ral Ends:
Like varying Winds, by other Paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the Love of eaſe,
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The Merchant's toil, the Sage's indolence,
The Monk's humility, the Hero's pride,
All, all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.

Th' Eternal Art, educing Good from Ill,
Grafts on this *Paſſion* our beſt *Principle*:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his Nature mix'd,
The Droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt Body acts with Mind.

As Fruits ungrateful to the Planter's care
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of Wit and Honeſty appear,
From Spleen, from Obſtinacy, Hate, or Fear!
See Anger, Zeal and Fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n Av'rice Prudence; Sloth Philoſophy;
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is Emulation in the Learn'd and Brave:
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle Love, and charms all Womankind:
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our Pride)
The Virtue neareſt to our Vice ally'd;
Reaſon the byas turns to Good from Ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Catiline
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.

The ſame Ambition can deſtroy, or ſave,
And makes a Patriot, as it makes a Knave.
This Light and Darkneſs, in our Chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the Mind.
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,
In Man, they join to ſome myſterious uſe;
Tho' oft ſo mix'd, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice,
Now this, now that, the other's bound invades,
As in ſome well-wrought Picture, lights and ſhades.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black, blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own Heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to *miſtake* them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.

But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed;
Ask, where's the *North?* at York 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it, in the firſt degree,
But thinks his Neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very Zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man muſt be,
Few in th' Extreme, but all in the Degree:
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe,
And ev'n the beſt by fits what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by *Parts* we follow Good or Ill,
For, Vice or Virtue, *Self* directs it ſtill;
Each Individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal:
But HEAV'N's great view is *One*, and that the *Whole*:
That counter-works each Folly and Caprice;
That diſappoints th' Effect of ev'ry Vice:

That happy Frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the Virgin, to the Matron Pride,
Fear to the Stateſman, Raſhneſs to the Chief,
To Kings Preſumption, and to Crowds Belief:
That Virtue's Ends from Vanity can raiſe,
Which ſeeks no int'reſt, no reward but Praiſe;
And builds on Wants, and on Defects of mind,
The Joy, the Peace, the Glory, of Mankind.

Heav'n, forming each on other to depend,
A Maſter, or a Servant, or a Friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
'Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, Frailties, Paſſions, cloſer ſtill allye
The common int'reſt, or endear the tye:
To theſe we owe true Friendſhip, Love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that Life inherits here:
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by Reaſon, half by mere Decay,
To welcome Death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the Paſſion, Knowledge, Fame, or Pelf,
Not one will change his Neighbour with himſelf.
The learn'd is happy, Nature to explore;
The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n;
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
See the blind Beggar dance, the Cripple ſing,
The Sot a Hero, Lunatic a King,
The ſtarving Chymiſt in his golden views
Supreamly bleſt, the Poet in his Muſe.

See! ſome ſtrange Comfort ev'ry *State* attend,
And *Pride* beſtow'd on all, a common friend;
See! ſome fit Paſſion ev'ry *Age* ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

'Till then, *Opinion* gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of Happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of Senſe by Pride:
Theſe build as faſt as Knowledge can deſtroy,
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, Joy,

One Proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain,
And not a Vanity is giv'n in vain:
Ev'n mean *Self-Love* becomes, by force divine,
The Scale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, tho' *Man's* a *Fool*, yet GOD IS WISE.



EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to *one End*, but acts by *various Laws*."
In all the Madneſs of ſuperfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let this great Truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we *preach*, or *pray*.

Look round our World: behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, plaſtic Nature working to this End,
The ſingle Atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd, and impell'd, its *Neighbour* to embrace.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one Centre ſtill, the Gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables Life ſuſtain,
See Life diſſolving vegetate again.
All Forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that Sea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole:
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each Being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, and ſerving, nothing ſtands alone;
The Chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown!

Has God, thou Fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
For him as kindly ſpreads the flow'ry Lawn.
Is it for thee the Lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, Joy elevates his wings:

Is it for thee the Linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding Steed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his Lord, the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrows the plain?
The Birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain:
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving Steer.
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her care;
The Fur that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
While Man exclaims, "ſee all things for my uſe!
"See Man for mine," replies a pamper'd Gooſe;
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him,
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him;
And juſt as ſhort of Reaſon Man will fall,
Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.

Grant, that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul,
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole.

Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows
And feels, another creature's wants and woes.
Say will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings,
Or hears the hawk, when *Philomela* ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his Pleaſure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his Luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay feaſts the Animal he dooms his feaſt,
And 'till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by Touch ætherial ſlain.

VER. 72.] Several of the Antients, and many of the more modern Orientals eſteem'd thoſe who were ſtruck by Lightning as ſacred Perſons, and the particular Favourites of Heaven.

The Creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.
Whether with *Reaſon*, or with *Inſtinct* bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits 'em beſt,
To Bliſs, alike, by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full *Inſtinct* is th' unerring Guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Volunteer.

This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One *muſt* go right, the other *may* go wrong.
See then the *acting* and *comparing* pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct, as you can,
In this 'tis *God* directs, in that 'tis *Man.*

Who taught the Nations of the field and wood,
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the Tydes or Tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
Who made the Spider Parallels deſign,
Sure as *De-Moivre*, without rule or line?
Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the Council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the Nature of each being founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the whole to bleſs
On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happineſs*:

So from the firſt Eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
Whate'er of Life all-quick'ning Æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' Air, or ſhoots beneath the Deeps,
Or pours profuſe on Earth, one Nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves Itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each Sex deſires alike, till two are one:
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their Race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care,
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands:

Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the Int'reſt, and the Love:
With Choice we fix, with Sympathy we burn,
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn;
And ſtill new Needs, new Helps, new Habits riſe,
That graft Benevolence on Charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral Love maintain'd, habitual thoſe;
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs Him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and Forecaſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to Youth, this on to Age;
While Pleaſure, Gratitude, and Hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the Int'reſt, and preſerv'd the Kind.

Nor think, in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD:
Self-love, and Social, at her birth began,
UNION the Bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with Beaſt, joint Tenant of the Shade;

The ſame his Table, and the ſame his Bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame Temple, the reſounding Wood,
All vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
The Shrine with Gore unſtain'd, with Gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs Prieſt.
Heav'ns Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt Diſeaſe to Luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own Avenger breeds;
The Fury-Paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.

See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy *Inſtinct* then was *Reaſon*'s part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake —
"Go! from the Creatures thy inſtructions take;

See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake —
"Go! from the Creatures thy inſtructions take;
"Learn from the Birds, what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the Beaſts, the Phyſick of the field:
"Thy Arts of building from the Bee receive;
"Learn of the Mole to plow, the Worm to weave;
"Learn of the little * Nautilus to ſail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all Forms of ſocial Union find,
"And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
"Here ſubterranean Works and Cities ſee,
"There Towns aerial on the waving Tree.
"Learn each ſmall People's Genius, Policies,
"The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees;
"How thoſe in common all their ſtores beſtow,
"And Anarchy without confuſion know,

VER. 178.] Oppian. Halieut. Lib. I. deſcribes this Fiſh in the following manner. It ſwims on the ſurface of the Sea, on the back of the Shell, which exactly reſembles the Hulk of a Ship; it raiſes two feet like Maſts, and extends a Membrane between, which ſerves as a Sail; the other two Feet are employ'd as Oars at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterranean.

"And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
"Their ſep'rate Cells and Properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd Laws preſerve their State,
"Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
"In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
"Entangle Juſtice in her Net of Law,
"And Right too rigid harden into Wrong,
"Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the Creatures ſway,
"Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey,
"And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd.

Great *Nature* ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little State; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' Love, or Fear.
Did here the Trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the Streams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.

Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus States were form'd; the name of *King* unknown,
'Till common Int'reſt plac'd the ſway in One.
Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, Prieſt, and Parent of his growing State:
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their Law, his Eye; their Oracle, his Tongue.
He, from the wond'ring furrow call'd their food,
Taught to command the Fire, controul the Flood,
Draw forth the Monſters of th' Abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aerial Eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, ſickning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man.
Then, looking up from Sire to Sire, explor'd
One great, firſt Father, and that *firſt* ador'd.

Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
The Workman from the Work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but One:
E're Wit oblique had broke that ſteady light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw, that *all was right*,
To Virtue in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the Faith, and all th' Allegiance then;
For Nature knew no Right Divine in Men,
No Ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A Sovereign Being but a Sovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but Love of God, and this of Man.

Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone
Th' enormous Faith of Many made for One?
That proud Exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the World, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that Conqueſt, Law;
Till Superſtition taught the Tyrant Awe,

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, midſt the Light'ning's blaze and Thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the ground;
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they;
She, from the rending earth, and burſting skies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and Fiends infernal riſe,
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods:
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt:
Such as the ſouls of Cowards might conceive,
And form'd *like* Tyrants, Tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide,
And Hell was built on Spite, and Heav'n on Pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' Æthereal Vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food,
Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human blood;

With Heav'ns own Thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his foe.
So drives *Self-love*, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To One man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in All, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one Will when many Wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what ſleeping or awake
A weaker may ſurprize, a ſtronger take?
His Safety muſt his Liberty reſtrain;
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd Juſtice and Benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public Good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious Head, or gen'rous Mind,
Follo'wer of God, or Friend of Humankind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before;

Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's Image, yet his Shadow drew;
Taught Pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught, not to ſlack nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings;
The Leſs, and Greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too,
And jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according Muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the WORLD's great Harmony, that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of things!
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade,
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,
Draw to one point, and to one Centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For Forms of Government let fools conteſt,
Whate'er is beſt adminiſtred, is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs Zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whoſe Life is in the right:

All muſt be falſe, that thwart this *One, great End*,
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous Vine, ſupported lives,
The Strength he gains is from th' Embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent Motions act the ſoul,
And one regards *Itſelf*, and one the *Whole*.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bade Self-Love and Social be the ſame.



EPISTLE IV.

HAPPINESS! our Being's End and Aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That Something ſtill, which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, nor fear to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool — and wiſe.
Plant of Cæleſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair-opening to ſome Court's propitious Shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming Mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian Laurels yield,
Or reap'd in Iron Harveſts of the Field?

Where grows--where grows it not?-- if vain our toil,
We ough to blame the Culture, not the Soil;
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from Monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind,
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind:
Some place the bliſs in Action, ſome in Eaſe;
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe:
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
One grants his Pleaſure is but Reſt from pain,
One doubts of All, one owns ev'n Virtue vain.

Take *Nature*'s path, and mad Opinion's leave,
All States can reach it, and all Heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no Extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is *common Senſe*, and *common Eaſe*.

Remember Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial but by gen'ral Laws;
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the Good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the Kind.
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſt ſelf-ſatisfy'd;
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an Admirer, or wou'd fix a Friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All Pleaſures ſicken, and all Glories ſink;
Each has his ſhare, and who wou'd more obtain
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
ORDER is Heav'n's firſt Law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe: but who infers from hence
That ſuch are *happier*, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs
If all are equal in their Happineſs:

But mutual wants this happineſs increaſe,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, Circumſtance is not the thing:
Bliſs is the ſame, in Subject or in King;
In who obtain defence, or who defend;
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common Bleſſing, as one common Soul:
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be call'd unhappy, happy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
If while th' Unhappy hope, the Happy fear;
Not preſent Good or Ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views, of Better, or of Worſe.
Oh Sons of Earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By Mountains pil'd on Mountains, to the Skies?

Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries Madmen in the Heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the Good that Individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to meer mankind,
All Reaſon's pleaſures, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, *Health*, *Peace*, and *Competence*.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, fair *Virtue!* Peace is all thy own;
The gifts of Fortune good or bad may gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of Profit or Delight,
Who riſque the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets Contempt, or which Compaſſion firſt?
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and diſdains;
And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to Truth, and God's whole Scheme be-
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe: [low!

Who ſee and follow that great Scheme the beſt,
Beſt know their bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But Fools the *Good* alone unhappy call,
For Ills or Accidents that chance to *All*.
See FALKLAND falls, the virtuous and the juſt!
See godlike TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their *Virtue*, or Contempt of life?
Say was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the Grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of Days and Honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marſeille's good Biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why ſo long (in Life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a *Parent* to the Poor and Me?
What makes all Phyſical or Moral Ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not Ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,

Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous Son is ill at eaſe,
When his lewd Father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we like ſome weak Prince th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his Fav'rites to reverſe his Laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On Air or Sea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe Mountain trembles from on high,
Shall Gravitation ceaſe, if you go by?
Or ſome old Temple nodding to its fall,
For Chartres head reſerve the hanging Wall?
But ſtill this World (ſo fitted for the Knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A Kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree?

The Good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us, who they are?
One thinks, on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell,
Another deems him Inſtrument of Hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's Bleſſing, or its Rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one Syſtem can they all be bleſt.
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
"Whatever IS, is RIGHT."—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar—but for Titus too:
And which more *bleſt?* who chain'd his Country, ſay,
Or he, whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves while Vice is fed."
What then? is the reward of Virtue, Bread?
That, Vice may merit; 'tis the price of Toil:
The Knave deſerves it when he tills the Soil,
The Knave deſerves it when he tempts the Main,
Where Folly fights for Kings, or dives for Gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No, ſhall the good want health, the good want pow'r?
Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no King?
Nay, why external for internal giv'n,
Why is not Man an Angel, Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the Pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The Soul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's Prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a Coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a Gown,
Or Publick Spirit, its great cure, a Crown?
Rewards that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.

How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The Virtues of a Saint at twenty-one!
For *Riches*, can they give, but to the Juſt,
His own Contentment, or another's Truſt?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy Mind,
The Lover, and the Love, of Human kind,
Whoſe Life is healthful, and whoſe Conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!
Honour and *Shame* from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the Honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in Rags, one flutters in Brocade,
The Cobler apron'd, and the Parſon gown'd,
The Fryar hooded, and the Monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than Crown and Cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend: a Wiſe man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the Monarch acts the Monk,
Or Cobler-like, the Parſon will be drunk,

Worth makes the Man, and want of it the Fellow;
The reſt is all but Leather or Prunella.

Stuck o'er with *Titles*, and hung round with Strings,
That thou may'ſt be, by Kings, or Whores of Kings.
Thy boaſted Blood, a thouſand years or ſo,
May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow;
But by your Father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' Scoundrels ever ſince the Flood,
Go! and pretend your Family is young;
Not own your Fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble Sots, or Slaves, or Cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

Look next on *Greatneſs*, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman to the Suede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an Enemy of all Mankind:

Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks foreward further than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and wiſe,
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours they take,
Nor that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can *conquer*, theſe can *cheat*,
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain *great*.
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave:
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in Exile or in Chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.
What's *Fame?* that fancy'd Life in others breath!
A thing beyond us ev'n before our death:
Juſt what you *hear* you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;

To all beſide, as much an empty Shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike, or when or where, they ſhone or ſhine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a *Feather*, and a Chief a *Rod*;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a Villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave,
When what t' Oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.
All Fame is foreign, but of true Deſert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving Hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid Starers, and of loud huzza's;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a Senate at his heels.
In *Parts* ſuperior what advantage lies!
Tell (for *You* can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;

Condemn'd in Buſineſs or in Arts to drudge
Without a Second, or without a Judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking Land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful Preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above Life's Weakneſs, and its Comforts too.
Bring then theſe Bleſſings to a ſtrict account,
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they mount!
How much of other each is ſure to coſt,
How each for other oft is wholly loſt!
How inconſiſtent greater Goods with theſe,
How ſometimes Life is riſqu'd, and always Eaſe!
Think, and if ſtill the Things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for Ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow Dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of Mankind:

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting Fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe Scale of Happineſs compleat!
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe betray:
Mark by what wretched ſteps their Glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each, how Guilt and Greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero ſunk the Man.
Now Europe's Lawrels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold.
Then ſee them broke with Toils, or loſt in Eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd Provinces.
Oh Wealth ill-fated! which no Act of Fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,

The trophy'd Arches, ſtory'd Halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous Shade.
Alas! not dazled with their Noontide ray,
Compute the Morn and Evening to the Day:
The whole Amount of that enormous Fame
A Tale! that blends their Glory with their Shame!
Know then this Truth (enough for man to know)
VIRTUE alone is Happineſs below:
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only, Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very Tears.
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd,
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the ſole Bliſs Heav'n could on *all* beſtow,
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The Bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find;
Slave to no Sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' *Nature* up to *Nature's* GOD,
Purſues that *Chain* which links th' immenſe Deſign,
Joyns Heav'n, and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
Sees, that no Being any Bliſs can know
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this Union of the riſing *Whole*,
The firſt, laſt Purpoſe of the human Soul;
And knows, where Faith, Law, Morals all began,
All end, in LOVE *of* GOD, and LOVE *of* MAN.

For him alone, *Hope* leads from gole to gole,
And opens ſtill, and opens, on his ſoul,

Till lengthen'd on to *Faith*, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown,
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other Kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent: ſhe connects in this
His greateſt *Virtue* with his greateſt *Bliſs*,
At once his own bright Proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt Motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-Love thus puſh'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's bleſſing thine:
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy Enemies have part:
Graſp the whole Worlds, of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe Syſtem of Benevolence.
Happier, as kinder! in whate'er degree,
And height of *Bliſs* but height of CHARITY.

GOD loves from Whole to Parts: but human Soul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.

Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful Lake,
The Centre mov'd, a Circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, Parent, Neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His Country next, and next all Human-race,
Wide, and more wide, th' O'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry Creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its Image in his Breaſt.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius come along,
Oh Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low Paſſions, or their glorious Ends,
Teach me like thee, in various Nature wiſe,
To fall with Dignity, with Temper riſe;
Form'd by thy Converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

O! while along the ſtream of Time, thy Name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little Bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the Triumph, and partake the Gale?
And ſhall this Verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful Art
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's falſe Mirror held up Nature's Light;
Shew'd erring Pride *Whatever Is*, is *Right*;
That *Reaſon*, *Paſſion*, anſwer *one great Aim*;
That true *Self-love* and *Social* are the *ſame*;
That *Virtue* only makes our *Bliſs below*;
And all our *Knowledge* is, *Ourſelves to know*.



ETHIC EPISTLES.

THE

SECOND BOOK.

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

SEARCH PERSONS

TO

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ETHIC EPISTLES

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EPISTLE I.

TO
Sir RICHARD TEMPLE
Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the Man to books confin'd,
Who from his Study rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may ad-
Some gen'ral Maxims, or be right by Chance. [vance
The coxcomb Bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his Cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Tho' many a Paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

And yet the fate of all Extremes are ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books too much.
To Obſervations which our ſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.

There's ſome *Peculiar* in each Leaf and Grain;
Some unmark'd Fibre, or ſome varying Vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind, as *Moſs
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
And all Opinion's Colours caſt on Life.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The Optics ſeeing, as the Objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown,
Or Fancy's beam inlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.

* There are above 300 Sorts of Moſs obſerved by Naturaliſts.

Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds?
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
Life's Stream for obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way.
In vain ſedate reflections we wou'd make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be Reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant, 'tis his Principle no more;
Like follo'wing Life thro' Creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it, in the moment you detect.

Oft, in the Paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to our ſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yeild,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt Image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in Sleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our Dream is wrought:

Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cauſe of half we do.
In vain the Grave, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant, to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in buſ'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that imbroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
*Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.
Not always *Actions* ſhow the Man: we find
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind,
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the great:

CHARLES V. and PHILIP II.

Who combates bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:
Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
But grant that Actions beſt diſcover Man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each Character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them half, or call them Policy.
Muſt then at once (the Character to ſave)
The plain, rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth, the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask how from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage Hiſtorians! 'tis your task to prove
One action, Conduct; one, Heroic Love.

'Tis from *high life* high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Biſhop, what you will;
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the higheſt rate,
Born where Heav'ns influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In Life's low vale, the ſoil the Virtues like,
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike.
Tho' the ſame Sun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the Roſe, and in the Diamond blaze,
We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r,
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.

'Tis *Education* forms the common mind;
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt Son is a Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a Lyer;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:

Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r,
A Quaker? ſly; a Presbyterian? ſow'r:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
(So darkneſs fills the eye no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at ſight,
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them Knaves:
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Who but deteſts th' Endearments of Courtine,
While *One* there is, that charms us with his Spleen.
But theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
Tho' ſtrong the Bent, yet quick the Turns of mind:
Or puzling Contraries confound the whole,
Or Affectations quite reverſe the ſoul:

Or Falſhood ſerves the dull for Policy,
Or in the cunning, Truth itſelf's a Lye;
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wife;
The Fool lies hid in Inconſiſtencies.

See the ſame man, in Vigour, in the Gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at bus'neſs, and at Hazard late,
Mad at a Fox-chace, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Acton, faithleſs at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a Knave is next a Knave,
Save juſt at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.

Who would not praiſe Patritio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head? all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in Picquette,
Newmarket-Fame, and judgment at a Bett.

Triumphant Leaders at an Army's head,
Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer Cloth or Bread,
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a Groat.
What made (ſay Montagne or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a Warrior, Cromwell a Buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,
A God-leſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The Throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt Monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game,
A Bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.
Ask men's *Opinions*: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion by the ſetting-ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

Truſt their *Affections*: ſoon Affections end;
"In pow'r your Servant, out of pow'r your Friend."
Manners with Fortunes, *Humours* change with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and *Principles* with Times,
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
'Tis in the *ruling Paſſion*: There, alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known,
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This Clue once found unravels all the reſt,
The Proſpect clears, and Clodio ſtands confeſt.
Clodio, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the *Luſt of Praiſe*;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies;

Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him Maſter of the Joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully, and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame Spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun Contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
His conſtant Bounty no one friend has made;
His Angel Tongue no mortal can perſuade:
A Fool with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too quick for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very King he loves;

Truſt their *Affections*: ſoon Affections end;
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With the ſame Spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun Contempt;
His Paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
His conſtant Bounty no one friend has made;
His Angel Tongue no mortal can perſuade:
A Fool with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too quick for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very King he loves;

He dies, ſad out-caſt of each Church and State,
And (harder ſtill) flagitious, yet not great!
Ask you why Clodio broke thro' every rule?
'Twas all for fear, the Knaves ſhou'd call him Fool.
Nature well known, no Miracles remain,
Comets are regular, and Clodio plain.
Yet, in the ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond Qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When Cæſar made a noble Dame a whore,
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the Vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by Chaſtity at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted Turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' Obſerver eyes the Builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the *Scaffold* for the *Pile*.
In this one Paſſion Man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.

Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies, and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Behold a rev'rend Sire, whom Want of Grace
Has made the Father of a nameleſs Race,
Crawl thro' the ſtreet, ſhov'd on, or rudely preſs'd
By his own Sons, that paſs him by un-bleſs'd:
Still to his Wench he creeps on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he ſees.
A Salmon's Belly, Helluo, was thy Fate.
The Doctor call'd declares all help too late.
Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my Soul!
Is there no hope? alas!—then bring the Jowl.
"Odious! in Woollen! 'twou'd a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
"One wou'd not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
"And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red.

Old Politicians chew on Wiſdom paſt,
And blunder on in Buſ'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt; and as gravely *out*,
As ſober La—w, dancing in the Gout.

The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble Servant to all Human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue cou'd ſtir,
"If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
"I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) "my Lands and Tenements to Ned."
Your Money Sir? "My Money Sir! what all?
"Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Mannor, Sir?—"The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
"Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And You! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling Paſſion ſtrong in Death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in All the paſt,
"Oh ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

EPISTLE II.

To a LADY.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all:"
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs here in ermin'd pride,
There Paſtorella by a Fountain ſide:
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
And there a naked Leda with a Swan.

Let then the Fair one beautifully cry
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
When Folly grows romantic, we muſt paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air,
Chuſe a firm Cloud before it falls, and in it
Catch, e're ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay Meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho's ſelf in glue (her riſing task)
And iſſuing flagrant to an Evening Mask:
So morning Inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the ſetting-ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend,
The frail one's Advocate, and weak one's Friend:

To her, Caliſto prov'd her Conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her Advice.
Sudden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink:
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee—a Pimple on her noſe.

Papillia, wedded to her doating Spark,
Sighs for the Shades—how charming is a *Park!*
A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—oh odious, odious *Trees!*

Ladies like variegated Tulips ſhow,
'Tis to their changes that their charms they owe;
Their happy ſpots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus Calypſo once our hearts alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe:
Strange Graces ſtill, and ſtranger Flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;

Yet ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a Waſh would hardly ſtew a Child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare,
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare, Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleaſure, and a ſlave to fame?
Now deep in Taylor and the book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres?
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns,
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to *pray*,
To *toaſt* our wants and wiſhes, is her way,

Nor asks of God but of her Stars to give
The mighty bleſſing, " while we live, to live:"
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the Soul!
Lucretia's Dagger, Roſamonda's Bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Wretch! with Pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe,
With too much Spirit to be e'er at Eaſe!
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught!
With too much Thinking to have common Thought!
You purchaſe Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate:
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends:
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r:
Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!

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Or her who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!

Or who in ſweet Viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne and nightly Draught
To kill thoſe Foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are *two* hard Things to hit,
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

Pictures like theſe, (dear Madam) to deſign,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandring Touches, ſome reflected Light,
Some flying Stroke, alone can hit them right:
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack,
Camelions who can paint in White and Black?

In publick Stations Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in Private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full view diſplay'd,
Your Virtues open faireſt in the Shade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Publick 'tis you hide;
Where none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
Each is a ſort of Virtue, and of Vice.

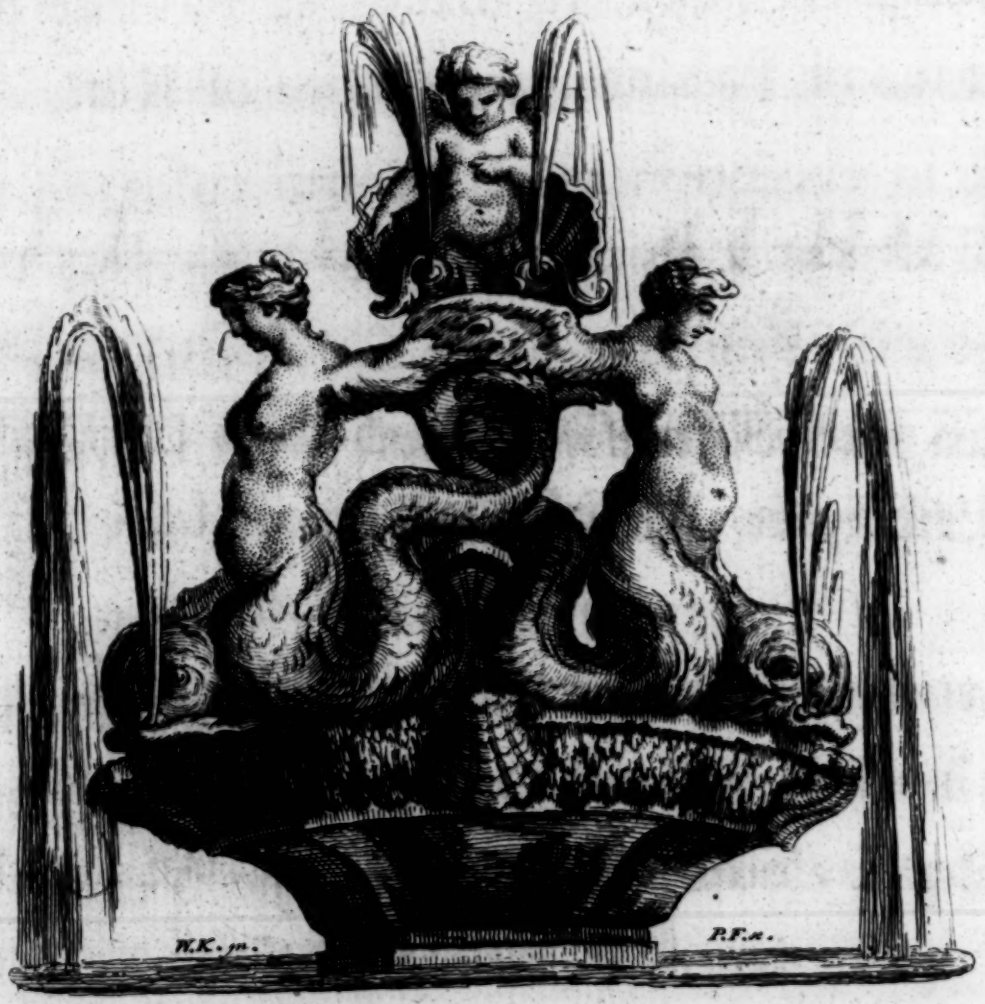
In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral Paſſions find,
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind,
Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey;
The Love of Pleaſures, and the Love of Sway.
That, Nature gives; and where the Leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?
Experience, This; by Man's Oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Buſineſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is, at heart, a Rake;
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to publick Strife,
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.
In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a Subject in their Age:
For foreign Glory, foreign Joy, they roam;
No thought of Peace, or Happineſs, at home.
But Wiſdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a Science to the Fair as Great!

Beauties like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate Repoſe, and dread to be Alone;
Worn out in publick, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the Sex, as Children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt.
At laſt, to Follies Youth could ſcarce defend
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more.
As Hags hold *Sabbaths*, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd.
See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend,

A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!
Ah Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign,
To raiſe the Thought, and touch the Heart, be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light;
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.
Oh bleſt with *Temper!* whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to morrow chearful as to day;
That pleas'd can ſee a Younger charm, or hear
Sighs for a Siſter with unwounded ear;
That ne'er ſhall anſwer till a Husband cool,
Or, if you rule him, never ſhow you rule,
Pleaſe by receiving, by ſubmitting ſway,
Yet have your humour moſt, when you obey;
Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Deſpiſe all loſs of Tickets or Codille;

Spleen, Vapors, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of yourſelf, tho' China fall.
And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt, beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;
Picks from each Sex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools,
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride,
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces — You.
Ev'n ſuch is Woman's Fame! With this un-bleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queens may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the Year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the Sphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parents ſimple Pray'r,

And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
Which buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itſelf.
That gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Dutcheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave Senſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.



EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN Lord *BATHURST.*

WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſ-agree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding Jeſt of Heav'n,
And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)

Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining Miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious Labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its Sire the Sun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much Diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets juſt the ſame at laſt:
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or Token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Charters, and the Devil.

What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;
And if we count among the Needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?

Uſeful

Uſeful, we grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:
Trade it may help, Society extend;
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.

Oh! that ſuch bulky bribes as all might ſee
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If ſecret Gold ſaps on from knave to knave.
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and ſquires con-
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? [found,
A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil,
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oyl;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred Oxen at your levee roar.

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
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Aſtride his Cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying Coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor Tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colpeper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head;
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious skill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, Quadrille!

Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."

Bleſt Paper-credit! that advanc'd ſo high,
Now lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd with this, can compaſs hardeſt things,
Can pocket States, or fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle leaf can waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A leaf like Sybil's, ſcatters to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

What Riches give us, let us firſt enquire:
Meat, fire, and cloaths. what more? meat, cloaths, and [fire.
Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
Alas 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt.)
Unhappy Wharton waking found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs?
To Chartres, vigour? Japhet, noſe and ears?

Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below,
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might, (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor that wou'd ſave the life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife.
But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
To ſome indeed heav'n grants the happier fate
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That every man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love, (ſays Blunt, with lifted eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves" — and piouſly denies:
But rev'rend S * * n with a ſofter air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, and equal fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
Who ſuffer thus, meer Charity ſhould own
Muſt act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some War, ſome Plague, ſome Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation, hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a General Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a Man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt G*.
But nobler ſcenes Maria's Dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and Worlds of Gold.
Congenial Souls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.
Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A Wizard told him in theſe words our fate.
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
" Shall deluge all, and Av'rice creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun;
" Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
" Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
" The Judge ſhall job, the Biſhop bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's Arms!"
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor Lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:

But 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing Party rage to ceaſe,
To buy *both ſides*, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs, cries a ſober Sage.
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his Rage?
" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to general uſe.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal Wheels to know their rounds.
Riches, like Inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon, fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a Fountain ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a County's thirſt,
And Men and Dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.
Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune, and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His Kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his Grot?
His Court with nettles, Moat with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought, and ſallads, bleſt his board.
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from Providence?

Like ſome lone Chartreuſe ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and Faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide-bell invites the country round;
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs Tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling Steeds another way:
Benighted Wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt Maſtiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the Begger whom he longs to eat.

Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right:
For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.
What ſlaughter'd Hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!
No ſelfiſh motive this profuſion draws,
His Oxen periſh in his Country's cauſe:
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.

The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan — no matter — "for the Fleet"
Next goes his wool — "to clothe our valiant bands"
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his lands.
To town he comes, compleats the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils?
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils.
Alas! at Court he vainly pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly perſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence,
With Splendor, Charity, with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good nature, and of mean Self-love.

To Want, or Worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n.
Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race,
Mends Fortune's fault, and juſtifies her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd,
As Poyſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the Skies.

Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe Table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Yours or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There Engliſh Bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And Honour linger, e're it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS:
Pleas'd Vaga ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate?
Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to riſe?
The MAN of ROSS, each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.

Is any ſick? the MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
"Thrice happy man! enabled to perſue
"What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do.
"Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
"What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſt — five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your blaze.
Ye *little Stars!* hide your diminiſh'd rays.
"And what? no Monument, inſcription, ſtone?
"His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go ſearch it there *, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory:

* The Pariſh-Regiſter.

Enough that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile Image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long Wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold! what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend,
And ſee, what comfort it affords our end!

In the worſt Inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flockbed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whym,
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove
The bow'r of wanton Sh * * * y and Love;

Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd ſtateſmen and the merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.

His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me."
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe?
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe:
Thy life, more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a Tale? — A Tale — it follows thus.

Where * London's Column pointing at the skies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes:
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth —
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.

* The Monument built in Memory of the Fire of London, with an Inſcription importing that City to have been burn'd by the Papiſts.

Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd, ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
"Live like your ſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the Rogue was bit:
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat,

What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had.
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
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Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the Rogue was bit:
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat,

"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
"And am ſo clear too of all other Vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd,
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
And all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant Show'r of *Cent. per Cent*;
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole;
Then dubs *Director*, and ſecures his Soul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn,
His Compting-houſe imploy'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his Family and Wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide,
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay commiſſion buys;
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His Daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P*x for life.
In Britain's Senate He a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to Play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Co**by harangues;
The Court forſakes him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His Wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown,
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD *Earl of* BURLINGTON.

'TIs ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ,
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Fountain-Statues, and for Pembroke Coins;
Rare Monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Rarities for Sloan.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow, how many Taſtes he wanted.

What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy Fool,
And needs no Rod but R–pl–y with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward Pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding Sermon, at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

*You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous Buildings once were things of uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble Rules
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools:
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric State,
Turn Arcs of Triumph to a Garden-gate,
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd Dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
And lac'd with bits of Ruſtic, 'tis a Front.

Shall

* The Earl of Burlington had publiſh'd the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Shall call the Winds thro' long Arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by Rules of Art.

Oft have you hinted to your Brother Peer,
A certain Truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is, more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte — 'Tis *Senſe:*
Good Senſe, which only is the Gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let *Nature* never be forgot.
Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling Theatres the Vale;

What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
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That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling Theatres the Vale;

Calls in the Country, catches opening Glades,
Joins willing Woods, and varies Shades from Shades,
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and as you work, deſigns.

Begin with *Senſe*, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring Parts ſhall ſlide into a Whole,
Spontaneous Beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike, from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at — perhaps a STOW.

Without it, proud Verſailles! thy Glory falls,
And Nero's Terraces deſert their Walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:
Or cut wide Views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your Hill or ſhelter'd Seat again.

Behold Villario's ten-years Toil compleat,
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet,
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the Parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;

His bloomy Beds a waving Glow diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright Diverſities of Day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring Rills mæander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young woods, how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſate delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
And ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet.
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's Groves,
One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful Family of Yews;
The thriving Plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Allies they were born to ſhade.

At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "what Sums are thrown away!
So proud, ſo grand, of that ſtupendous Air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.

Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought:
To compaſs this, his Building is a Town,
His Pond an Ocean, his Parterre a Down;
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees?
A puny Inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze.
Lo, what huge heaps of Littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground!
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful Wildeneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at Grove, each Ally has a brother,
And half the Platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as Trees,
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade.

Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There * Gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping Sea-horſe mourn,
And Swallows rooſt in Nilus' duſty Urn.

My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft — by regular approach — not yet —
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat,
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've dragg'd your [thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.

His Study? with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
Theſe *Aldus* printed, thoſe *Du Suëil* has bound;
Lo ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Lock or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any Modern book.

And now the Chappel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:

* *The two Statues, of the* Gladiator pugnans, *and* Gladiator moriens.

Light Quirks of Muſick, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio, or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lye,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye:
To Reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to Dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a Dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb,
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate;
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying Courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there:
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine and *God bleſs the King*.

In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride, from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little skill,
And ſwear, no Day was ever paſs'd ſo ill.

Yet hence the *Poor* are cloath'd, the *Hungry* fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.
Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre.
Deep Harveſts bury all his Pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve, the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.
'Tis *Uſe* alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her Rays from *Senſe*.

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe;

Whoſe chearful tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe wide Parterres are not aſham'd to feed
The milky Heifer and deſerving Steed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Natives, grow;
Let *His* Plantations ſtretch from Down to Down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new Wonders, and the old repair,
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till *Kings* call forth th' Idea's of your Mind,
Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,
Bid *Harbors* open, public *Ways* extend,
Bid *Temples*, worthier of the God, aſcend,
Bid the broad *Arch* the dang'rous Flood contain,
The *Mole* projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their ſubject *Sea* command,
And roll obedient *Rivers* thro' the Land:

Theſe Honours Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial works, and worthy Kings.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. *ADDISON.*

[Occaſion'd by his Dialogues on MEDALS.]

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad Sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods;

Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they;
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage;
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.

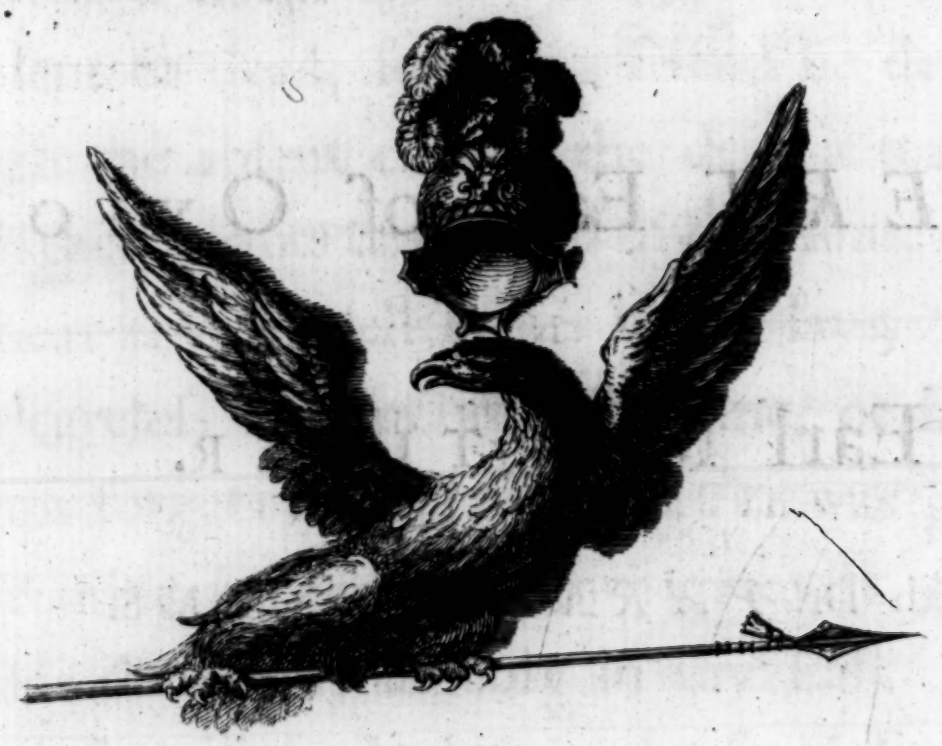
Ambition ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt;
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin:
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judæa weeps,
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine,

A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore;
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams;
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd;
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine,
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.

Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
There Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy CRAGS (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;

"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend,
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.



EPISTLE VI.

TO

ROBERT Earl of OXFORD,

AND

Earl MORTIMER.

With Dr. *PARNEL*'s POEMS.

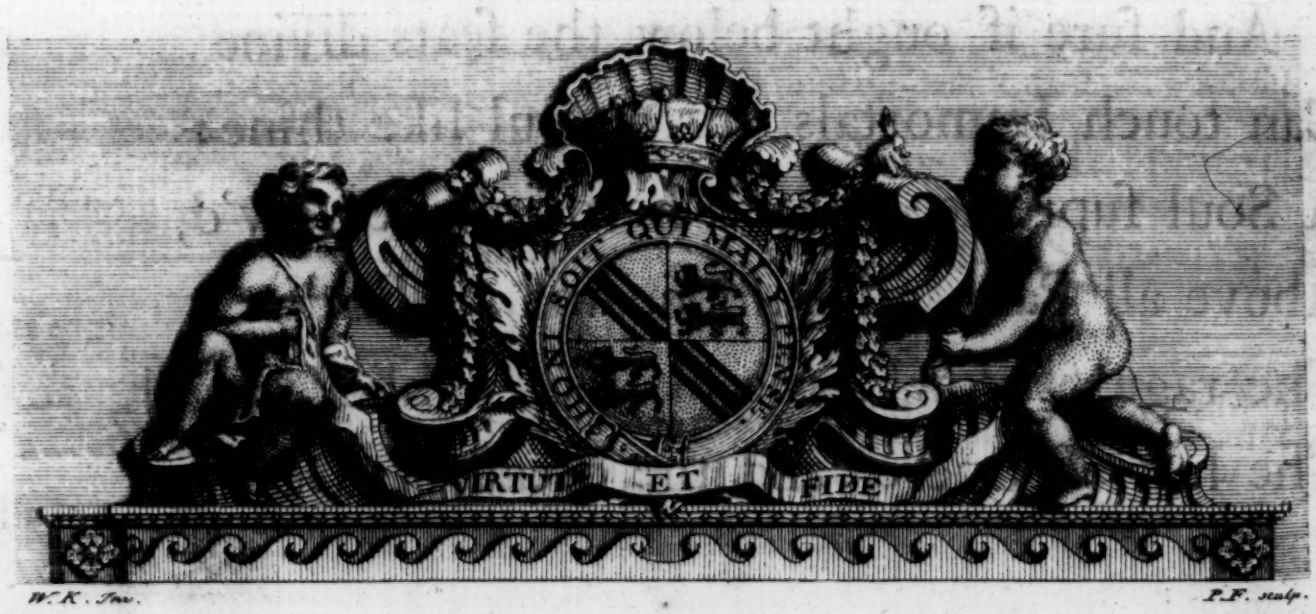
SUCH were the Notes thy once-lov'd Poet ſung,
'Till Death untimely ſtop'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh juſt beheld, and loſt! admir'd & mourn'd!
With ſofteſt manners, gentleſt arts adorn'd!
Bleſt in each ſcience, bleſt in ev'ry ſtrain!
Dear to the Muſe, to Harley dear — in vain!

For him, thou oft' haſt bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the ſtateſman in the friend;
For Swift and him, deſpis'd the farce of ſtate,
The ſober follies of the wiſe and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning croud to quit,
And pleas'd eſcape from Flattery to Wit.

Abſent or dead, ſtill let a friend be dear,
(A ſigh the abſent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall thoſe nights that clos'd thy toilſome days,
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who careleſs now of int'reſt, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meaneſt what we greateſt call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

And ſure if ought below the ſeats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Paſſion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blaſt of publick breath,
The luſt of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

In vain to Deſarts thy retreat is made;
The Muſe attends thee to the ſilent ſhade:
'Tis hers, the brave man's lateſt ſteps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify diſgrace.
When int'reſt calls off all her ſneaking train,
When all th' Oblig'd deſert, and all the Vain;
She waits, or to the ſcaffold, or the cell,
When the laſt ling'ring friend has bid farewel.
Ev'n now, ſhe ſhades thy ev'ning walk with bays,
(No hireling ſhe, no proſtitute to praiſe)
Ev'n now, obſervant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm ſun-ſet of thy various day,
Thro' Fortune's cloud one truly great can ſee,
Nor fears to tell that MORTIMER is he.



W. K. Inv. P. F. sculp.

EPISTLE VII.

TO

Dr. *ARBUTHNOT.*

SHUT, ſhut the door good *John!* fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dogſtar rages! nay 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in their eye, and Papers in their hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.

No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of Ryme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon much be-mus'd in beer?
A maudlin Poeteſs? a ryming Peer?
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who lock'd from pen and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy Son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic Wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and *Pope.*
Friend thro' my life, (which did'ſt not thou prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
Dear Doctor! tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their Anger, or their Friendſhip worſe?

A dire Dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
My Foes will write, my Friends will read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
I can't be ſilent, and I will not lye,
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of Grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face.
I ſit with ſad Civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aking head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rymes e're he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger and Requeſt of friends:
"The piece you think is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."
Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound;
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon greets me thus: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron — ask him for a Place."

Pitholeon libell'd me — "but here's a Letter
"Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? *Curl* invites to dine,
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a Packet! — "'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the Houſe reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it
"And ſhame the Fools — your Int'reſt Sir with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much.
"Not Sir if you reviſe it, and retouch."
All my demurrs but double his attacks,
At laſt he whiſpers "Do, and we go ſnacks."
Glad of a quarrel, ſtrait I clap the door,
Sir, let me ſee your works and you no more.
'Tis ſung, when *Midas'* Ears began to ſpring,
(Midas, a ſacred Perſon and a King)

His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his * Queen) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my Friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry Coxcomb perks them in my face?
"Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things!
"I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
"Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let Aſſes prick,
"'Tis nothing" – Nothing, if they bite and kick?
Out with it, *Dunciad!* let the ſecret paſs,
That Secret to each Fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhou'd we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a Fool.
Let Peals of Laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty Crack;
Pit, Box and Gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting World.
Scriblers like Spiders, break one cobweb thro',
Still ſpin the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew;

* The Story is told by ſome of his Barber, by *Chaucer* of his Queen. See the Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables.

Thron'd in the centre of their thin deſigns!
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his Lord, and Whore?
His Butchers Henley, his Free-maſons Moor?
Does not one Table Arnall ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a Wit?
Still Sapho — "Hold! nay ſee you, you'll offend:
"Wit makes you foes, learn Prudence of a friend.
"I too could write — and ſure am twice as tall,
"But all theſe foes! — One Flatt'rer's worſe than all;
A Wit quite angry is quite innocent;
The only danger is, when they *repent*.
One dedicates, in high Heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
For ſong, for ſilence, ſome expect a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe.

Time, Praiſe, or Money, is the leaſt they crave,
Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

There are, who to my Perſon pay their court,
I cough like Horace, and tho' lean, am ſhort,
Ammon's great Son one ſhoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's noſe, and "Sir! you have an *Eye*—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me ſee
All that diſgrac'd my Betters, met in me:
Say for my comfort, languiſhing in bed,
"Juſt ſo immortal Maro held his head;
And when I die, be ſure you let me know,
"Great Homer dy'd three thouſand years ago.

Why did I write? what ſin to me unknown
Dipt me in Ink? my Parent's, or my own?
As yet a Child, nor yet a fool to Fame,
I liſp'd in Numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father diſ-obey'd.

The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long Diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.

But why then publiſh? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walſh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praiſe,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my Lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rocheſter would nod the head,
And St. John's ſelf (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my Studies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of Men and Books,
Not from the * Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers, who could take offence
While pure deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowry Theme,
A painted Miſtreſs, or a purling Stream.

* Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſate ſtill:
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt:
Hunger provok'd, or madneſs made them print;
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad?
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their Mite.
Yet ne'r one ſprig of Laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From daring Bentley down to pidling Tibalds.
Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpear's name.
Pretty! in Amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms;

Not that the things are either rich or rare,
But all the wonder is, how they got there?
Were others angry? I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find,
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight Pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The Bard whom pilf'red Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian Tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year:
He, who ſtill wanting tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe Fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but Proſe run mad:
All theſe my modeſt Satire bade tranſlate,
And own'd, that nine ſuch Poets made a Tate.

How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe?
And ſwear, not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.
Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires,
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Shou'd ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for Arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend,
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;

While Wits and Templers ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe.
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!
What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls?
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Aſian Monarchs, from their ſight;
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a Birth-day Song.
I ne'r with Wits or Witlings paſt my days,
To ſpread about the itch of Verſe and Praiſe;
Nor like a puppy dagled through the town,
To fetch and carry Sing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of Fops, and Poetry, and Prate,
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian State.

Proud, as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His Library, (where Buſts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of Wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment ask'd, and then a Place:
Much they extol'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He pay'd ſome Bards with Port, and ſome with Praiſe,
To ſome a dry Rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he pay'd in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury him he help'd to ſtarve.
May ſome choice Patron bleſs each gray gooſe quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!

So, when a Stateſman wants a Day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole Week's war with ſenſe,
Or ſimple Pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they leave me! For they left me GAY;
Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his Tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs Life the ſole return
My Verſe! and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy Urn!
Oh let me live my own! and die ſo too!
("To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's Dignity and Eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe.
I was not born for Courts or great Affairs,
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs,
Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.
Why will the Town imagine ſtill I write?
Why ask, when this or that ſhall ſee the light?

"I found him close with Swift — Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will:
"No, such a Genius never can lye still,"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?
Curst be the Verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!
But he, who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fal'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,
Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop whose pride affects a Patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an Author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the Sense of it without the Love;

Who has the Vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the Honour injur'd to defend;
Who to the * Dean and ſilver Bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Cannons what was never there;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lye not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Let never honeſt Man my ſatire dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.

Let Sporus tremble — "What? that thing of ſilk,
"Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
"Satire or ſenſe alas! he cannot feel,
"Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?"
Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys,
So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.

* See the Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington.

Whether in florid Impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lyes,
Or Spite, or Smut, or Rymes, or Blaſphemies.
His Wit all See-ſaw between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now Maſter up, now Miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious Thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the Toilet, Flatt'rer at the Board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's Tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, Parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the duſt.
Oh keep me what I am! not Fortune's fool,
Nor Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool:

Not proud, nor ſervile, be one Poet's praiſe
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways,
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lye in Verſe or Proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong.
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious Foe, the timid Friend,
The damning Critic, half-approving Wit,
The Coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of Friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant Threats of Vengeance on his head,
The Blow unfelt, the Tear he never ſhed;
The Tale reviv'd, the Lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed Traſh, and Dulneſs not his own,
The Morals blacken'd when the Writings ſcape,
The libel'd Perſon, and the pictur'd Shape,
Th' Abuſe on all he lov'd or lov'd him ſpread,
A Friend in Exile, or a Father, dead;

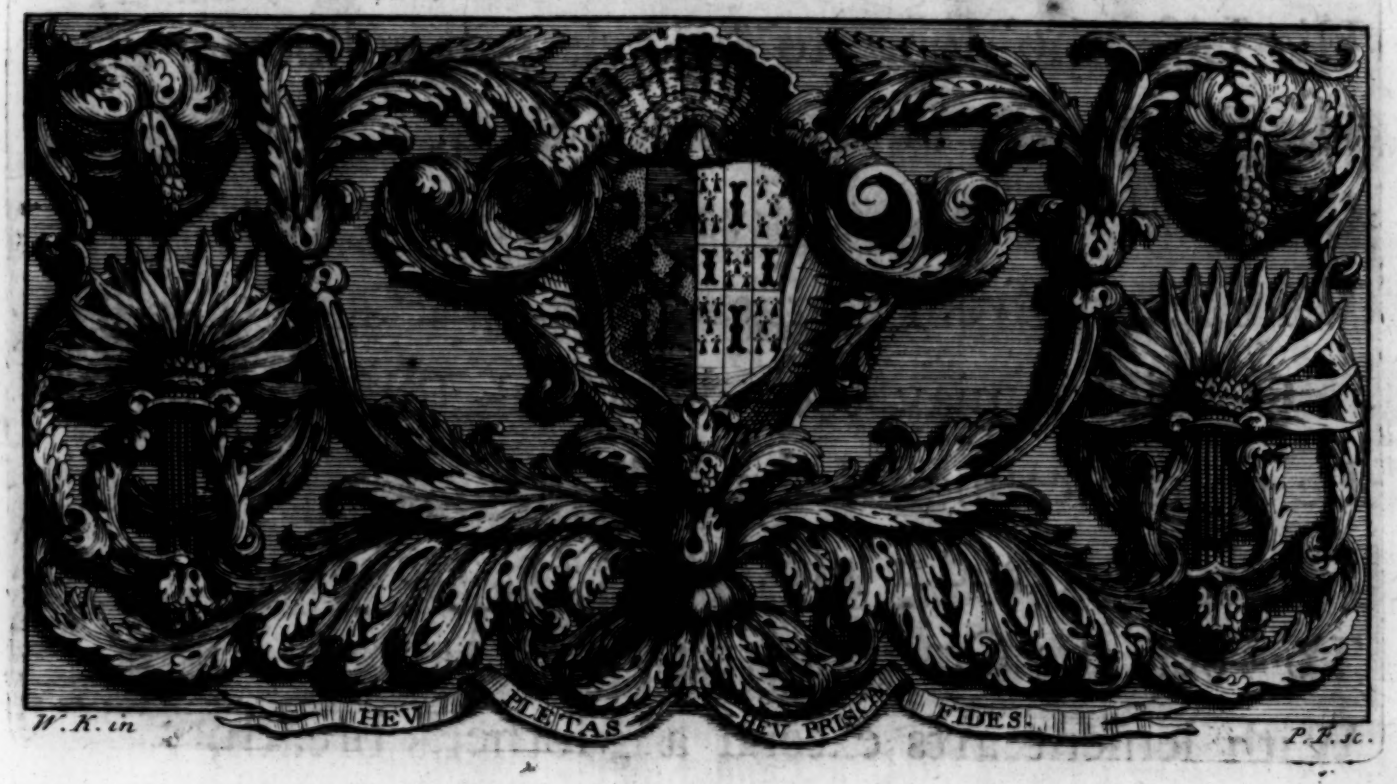
The Whiſper, that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's Ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*
" But why inſult the Poor, affront the Great? "
A Knave's a Knave, to me, in ev'ry State,
Alike my ſcorn if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at Court, or Japhet in a Jayl,
A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,
Knight of the Poſt corrupt, or of the Shire,
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a Dupe than Wit,
Sapho can tell you how this Man was bit:
This dreaded Sat'riſt Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drank with Cibber, nay has rym'd for Moor:
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand Suns went down on Welſted's Lye:

To pleaſe a Miſtreſs, One aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his Wife:
Let Budgel charge low Grubſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his *Will*;
Let the two Curls of Town and Court, abuſe
His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule
It was a Sin to call our Neighbour Fool;
That harmleſs Mother thought no Wife a Whore,
Hear this! and ſpare his Family, James M*,
Unſpotted Names! and memorable long—
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle Blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain Honour had applauſe)
Each Parent ſprung—"What Fortune, pray?—their own,
And better got than Clodio's from the Throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a Noble Wife,
Stranger to Civil and Religious Rage,
The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age:

No Courts he ſaw, no Suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lye:
Un-learn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle Art,
No Language, but the Language of the Heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exerciſe,
His Life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His Death was inſtant, and without a groan.
Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtick Bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the Cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the Bed of Death,
Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye,
And keep a while one Parent from the Sky!
On cares like theſe if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my Friend,

Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
Whether that Bleſſing be deny'd, or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.



10 57 MAY

EPISTLES

OF

HORACE,

IMITATED.

A

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Reflections of* Horace *and the Judgments paſt in his Epiſtle to* Auguſtus, *ſeem'd ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to His Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encreaſe of an* Abſolute Empire. *But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two ſuch, as contribute to the Happineſs of a* Free People, *and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of* our Neighbours.

This Epiſtle will ſhow the Learned World to have fallen into Two miſtakes: one, that Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general; *whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate:* Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefieri, *&c. The other to imagine this Piece to be a* general Diſcourſe of Poetry; *whereas it is an* Apology for the Poets, *in order to render* Auguſtus *more their Patron.* Horace *here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the Town, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and laſtly againſt the Emperor himſelf, who had conceived them of little uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Ro-*



mans) *that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of* Greece *had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors that their* Morals *were much improved, and the Licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that* Satire *and* Comedy *were become more juſt and uſeful; that whateve extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taſte of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the* State; *and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with Poſterity.*

We may farther learn from this Epiſtle, that Horace *made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.*

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. II.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM *tot* [1] *ſuſtineas & tanta negotia, ſolus,*

Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,

Legibus emendes; in [2] *publica commoda peccem,*

Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.

Romulus

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE,

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.

WHile You, great Patron of Mankind, [1] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[2] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal?

[3] *Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,*

Poſt ingentia facta, [4] *Deorum in templa recepti,*

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella

Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;

[5] *Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem*

Speratum meritis. Dirum qui contudit Hydram,

Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,

Comperit [6] *Invidiam ſupremo fine domari.*

[7] *Urit enim fulgore ſuo qui prægravat artes*

Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.

Præſenti Tibi maturos largimur honores:

[3] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [4] ſacred Name,
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the world reform'd;
[5] Clos'd their long Glories with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue to its lateſt breath
[6] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[7] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each Star of meaner merit fades away;
Oppreſs'd we feel the Beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.

To Thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [8] but mature the Praiſe:

Great

[9] *Jurandaſque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*
[10] Nil oriturum *alias*, nil ortum tale *fatentes.*

Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens & juſtus in uno,
* Te noſtris Ducibus, Te Graiis *anteferendo,*
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat; &, niſi quæ terris ſemota, ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit & odit.
[11] *Sic fautor* Veterum, *ut tabulas peccare vetantes*
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina vatum,
[12] *Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.*

Si, quia [13] *Græcorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque*
Scripta, vel optima; Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina, non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.

10 Chriſt's Kirk o'the Green, a Ballad made by a King of Scotland.
11 Skelton, Poet Laureat to Hen. 8. a Volume of whoſe Verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of Ribaldry, Obſcenity, and Billingſgate language.
12. The Devil Tavern, where Ben. Johnſon held his Poetical Club.

Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[9] As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[10] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.

Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt.
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for Folly dead and gone.
Authors, like Coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the ruſt we value, not the gold.
[11] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton Heads of Houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
A Scot will fight for *Chriſt's Kirk o'the Green;
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
[12] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the †Devil.

Tho' juſtly [13] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our Sires?

Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ; [14] *pingimus, atque*
Pſallimus, & [15] luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si [16] *meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;*
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus?
Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

"Eſt vetus atque probus, [17] *centum qui perficit amos.*
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno;
Inter quos referendus erit? [18] *vereſne poetas,*
An quos & præſens & poſtera reſpuet ætas?

"Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [19] honeſtè,
"*Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.*
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut [20] *equinæ*
Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum;
Dum cadat eluſus, ratione [21] *ruentis acervi,*

In ev'ry Publick Virtue we excell,
We build, we paint, [14] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [15] learned Athens to our Art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
If [16] Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh bards begin t'Immortalize?
" Who laſts a [17] Century can have no flaw,
" I hold that Wit a Claſſick, good in law.
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [81] Ancient, right and found,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
At ninety nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
" We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
" By [19] Courteſy of England, he may do.
Then, by the rule that made the [20] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

Qui redit ad [22] faſtos, & *virtutem æſtimat annis,*
Miraturque nihil, niſi quod [23] *Libitina ſacravit.*

[24] *Ennius,* (& ſapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut Critici dicunt) *leviter curare videtur,*
Quo [25] promiſſa *cadaut,* & ſomnia Pythagorea.

[26] *Nævius in manibus non eſt; at* [27] *mentibus hæret*
Pæne recens:

" [28] *Adeo ſanctum eſt vetus omne poema!*
" *Ambigitur* [29] *quoties, uter utro ſit prior; aufert*
" *Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:*
" *Dicitur Afrani toga conveniſſe Menandro;*
" *Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi;*
" *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.*

24 Shakeſpear and Ben. Johnſon may truly be ſaid not much to have thought of Immortal Fame, the one in many pieces compoſed in haſte for the Stage; the other in his Latter works in general, which Dryden calls his *Dotages*.

27 — *Pindaric* art, which has much more merit than his *Epic:* but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar.

And [21] melt down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [22] Stowe,
And eſtimating Authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [23] Bier.

[24] Shakeſpear, (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew Immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[25] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [26] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His moral pleaſes, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [27] I love the language of his Heart.

" Yet ſurely, [28] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [29] debates where Criticks bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Johnſon's Art,
" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;

" *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte*
" *Hos ediſcit, & hos arcto ſtipata theatro*
" *Spectat Roma potens;* [30] *habet hos numeratque poetas*
" *Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.*

[31] *Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.*
Si [32] *veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,*
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quædam nimis [33] antiquè, *ſi pleraque* [34] durè
Dicere credit eos, [35] ignavè *multa; fatetur;*
Et ſapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.
[36] *Non equidem inſector,* delendaque carmina *Livî*
Eſſe reor, memini quæ [37] plagoſum, [38] mihi parvo,
Obilium *dictare* ——

29 *Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow.*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But this Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horaces's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his anſwer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, eſt ubi peccat.

32 *Gammer Gurton*, a piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries.

33 *Spenſer too much affects the Obſolete.*] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal Meaſures, as well as the Language, of Chaucer.

" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe,[31] only theſe, ſupport the crouded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age.

[32] All this may be; the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To [33] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Husband praiſe,
Or ſay our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then I ſay, the Publick is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [33] obſolete,
And Sydney's verſe halts ill on [34] Roman feet:
Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [35] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-Divine.
[36] Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book,
Like [37] flaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate Hook,

— Sed emendata videri
Pulchraque, & exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter quæ [39] verbum emicuit *ſi forte* decorum, &
Si [40] verſus *paulo* concinnior *unus & alter;*
Injuſte totum *ducit venditque poema.*

[41] *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſè*
Compoſitum illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem & præmia poſci.

[42] *Recti nœne* crocum floreſque *perambulet* Attæ
Fabula, *ſi dubitem; clamant periiſſe pudorem*
Cuncti pæne patres, *ea cum reprehendere coner,*
Quæ [43] gravis Æſopus, *quæ doctus* Roſcius *egit.*

130. *A muſter-roll of Names.*] An abſurd Cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with Emphaſis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player.

Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th' affected fool
At Court, who hates whate'er he [38] read at School.
But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen, who wrote with Eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling Stars the Miſcellanies o'er)
One Simile, that [39] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry Deſert of a thouſand lines, [page.
Or [40] lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a
Has ſanctify'd whole Poems for an Age.

[41] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad, but new,
While if our Elders break all Reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not Pardon, but Applauſe.
[42] On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride
Which [43] Betterton's grave Action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names)

Vel quia nil [44] *rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt;*
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, &, quæ
Imberbes didicere, ſenes predenda fateri.

Jam [45] Saliare Numæ carmen *qui laudat, & illud,*
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet, plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos, noſtraque lividus odit.

[46] *Quod ſi tam Græcis* novitas *invita fuiſſet,*
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus uſus?

[47] *Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis*
Cæpit, & in Vitium fortuna labier æqua;

How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear, all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [44] no Fools diſgrac'd the former Reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his Father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extolls old Bards, [45] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[46] Had ancient Times conſpir'd to diſ-allow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Criticks, of the mighty Dead?

[47] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In every Taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
" All, by the Kings Example, liv'd and lov'd."

† *A Verſe of the Lord* Lanſdown.

Nunc Athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [48] equorum ;

[49] *Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit ;*

Suſpendit [50] *picta vultum mentemque tabella ;*

Nunc [51] *tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragædis :*

[52] *Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,*

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas ?

Hoc [53] *Paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.*

[54] *Romæ dulce diu fuit & ſolenne, recluſa*

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

V. 154. — *In Horſemanſhip t'excell. And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's Book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Partheniſſa*, by the Earl of Orrery, and all theFrench Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality.*

V. *On each enervate ſtring*, &c.] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the firſt Opera ſung in England.

Then Peers grew proud in [48] Horſemanſhip t'excell,
New-market's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;
The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then [49] Marble ſoften'd into life grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [50] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy Eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court;
On [51] each enervate ſtring they taught the Note
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat.

But [52] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.

[53] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman wou'd knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five a clock,

Cautos [55] *nominibus certis expendere nummos,*

[54] Majores *audire, minori dicere, per quæ*

Creſcere res poſſet, minui damnoſa libido.

Mutavit mentem populus levis, [56] *& calet uno*

Scribendi *ſtudio; pueri, patreſque ſeveri*

Fronde comas vincti cænant, & carmina *dictant.*

Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,

Invenior [57] *Parthis* mendacior, *& prius orto*

Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & ſcrinia poſco.

[58] *Navem agere* ignarus *navis timet: abrotonum ægro*

Non audet, niſi qui didicit, *dare: quod* Medicorum *eſt,*

V. 190. Ward.] A famous Empirick, whoſe Pill and Drop had ſeveral ſurprizing effects, and were one of the principal ſubjects of Writing and Converſation at this time.

Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to Church, his Son to ſchool.
To [54] worſhip like his Fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [55] Security, his Gold.
Now Times are chang'd, and one [56] Poetick Itch
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, Poor and Rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the Bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearſals throng,
And all our Grace at Table is a Song.
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, [57] lye,
Not ——'s ſelf e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When, ſick of Muſe, our follies we deplore
And promiſe our beſt Friends to ryme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging Fit,
And call for Pen and Ink to ſhow our Wit.

[58] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;

Promittunt [59] *Medici ; tractant fabrilia fabri :*

[60] *Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.*

[61] *Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania, quantas*

Virtutes habeat, ſic collige : Vatis [62] avarus

Non temere eſt animus : [63] *verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum ;*

Detrimenta, [64] fugas *ſervorum,* incendia *ridet ;*

Non [65] fraudem Socio, *puerove incogitat ullam*

Pupillo : *Vivit ſiliquis, & pane ſecundo.* [65]

Ev'n [59] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile)
But [60] thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All ryme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.

Yet Sir, [61] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [62] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [63] Plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
[64] Flight of Caſhiers, or Fires, he'll never mind;
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [65] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys his Garden and his book in quiet;
And then — a perfect Hermit in his Diet.

Of little uſe the Man you may ſuppoſe,
Who ſays in verſe what others ſay in proſe;

[67] Militiæ *quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi.*

Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,

[68] *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:*

Torquet [69] *ab obſcenis jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;*

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Aſperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ.

67. *And tho' no Soldier.*] Horace had not acquitted himſelf much to his credit in this capacity; (*non bene relicta parmula,*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifeſt he alludes to himſelf in this whole account of a Poet's character; but with an intermixture of Irony: *Vivit ſiliquis & pane ſecundo* has a relation to his Epicuriſm; *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows, *Torquet ab obſcænis — Mox etiam pectus — Rectè facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it

Yet let me ſhow, a Poet's of ſome weight,
And ([67] tho' no Soldier) uſeful to the State.
[68] What will a Child learn ſooner than a ſong?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or ſhort, each accent where to place,
And ſpeak in publick with ſome ſort of grace.
I ſcarce can think him ſuch a worthleſs thing,
Unleſs he praiſe ſome monſter of a King,
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to ſport,
To pleaſe a lewd, or un-believing Court.
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted Bays;
And in our own (excuſe ſome Courtly ſtrains)
No whiter page than Addiſon remains.
He, [69] from the taſte obſcene reclaims our Youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth;
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.

more due than to himſelf. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is ſincerely inclined to praiſe what deſerves to be praiſed, he arraigns what deſerves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verſes.

Recte facta refert; [70] *orientia tempora notis*

Instruit exemplis: [71] inopem *solatur, & ægrum.*

Castis cum [72] *pueris ignara puella mariti*

Disceret unde [73] preces, *vatem ni Musa dedisset?*

Poscit opem Chorus, & præsentia numina *sentit;*

Cælestes implorat aquas docta prece blandus;

Avertit morbos, [74] metuenda pericula *pellit;*

Impetrat & Pacem, *& locupletem frugibus annum.*

[75] *Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.*

[76] *Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,*

Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupply'd her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd.
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [71] relieve the Idiot and the Poor, †
Proud Vice to laſh, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [70] ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with [72] Pſalms:
The [73] Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [74] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [74] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that grace his pray'r beſought in vain,
The bleſſing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And [75] Heav'n is won by violence of Song.

† A Foundation for the maintainance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand.

Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[77] *Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;*
Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [78] *donec jam ſævus apertam*
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus, & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [79] *quin etiam lex*
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. Vertere modum, formidine fuſtis

Our [76] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [77] Taunts alternate innocently flew.
But Times corrupt, and [78] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholſom [79] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [80] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.

Ad [80] benedicendum, delectandumque *redacti.*

[81] *Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit, & Artes*
Intulit agreſti Latio, ſic horridus ille
Defluxit [82] numerus Saturnius, *& grave virus*
Munditiæ *pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum*
Manſerunt, hodieque manent, [83] veſtigia ruris.
Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
Et poſt [84] Punica bella *quietus, quærere cœpit,*
Quid [85] *Sophocles, & Theſpis, & Æſchylus utile ferrent:*
Tentavit quoque rem ſi digne vertere poſſet;
Et placuit ſibi, natura ſublimis, & acer:
Nam [86] *ſpirat tragicum ſatis, & feliciter audet:*
Sed [87] *turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque* lituram.

V. 273. Mr. Waller about this time with the E. of Dorſet, Mr. Godolphin, and others, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation.

Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.
[81] We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's [charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms:
Britain to ſoft refinements leſs a foe,
Wit grew polite, and [82] Numbers learn'd to flow.
*Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full reſounding line,
The long majeſtic march, and energy divine.
Tho' ſtill ſome traces of our [83] ruſtic vein
And ſplay-foot verſe, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctneſs grew our care,
When the tir'd nation [84] breath'd from civil war.
Exact [85] Racine, and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had ſomething to admire.
Not but the [86] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [87] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.

Creditur, ex [88] medio *quia res arceſſit, habere*
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia *tanto*
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [89] *Aſpice Plautus*
Quo pacto [90] partes tutetur *amantis ephebi,*
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi?
Quantus ſit Dorſennus [91] edacibus in paraſitis!
Quam [92] non aſtricto *percurrat pulpita* ſocco!
Geſtit enim [93] *nummum in loculos demittere, poſt hoc*
Securus, cadat, an recto ſtet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam [94] *ventoſo gloria curru,*
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, aut reficit. [95] *valeat res ludicra, ſi me*
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

92. Aſtræa Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, &c.

Some doubt, if equal pains or equal fire
The [88] humbler Muſe of Comedy require?
But in known Images of life I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs.[89]
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [90] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The ſtage how [92] looſely does Aſtræa tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed:
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [91] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [93] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.
O you! whom [94] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of Praiſe;
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply;
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows!

Creditur, ex[88] medio *quia res arceſſit, habere*
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet comœdia *tanto*
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A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows!

[96] *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;*
Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, & [97] *depugnare parati*
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut [98] urſum *aut* pugiles: *his nam plebecula gaudet.*
Verum [99] Equitis *quoque jam migravit ab* aure *voluptas*
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, *& gaudia vana.*
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [100] equitum *turmæ, peditumque catervæ:*
Mox trahitur manibus Regum *fortuna retortis;*
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[101] *Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu*
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,

V. 319. The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes tried with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion.

[95] Farewel the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the Play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.
[96] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit:
A ſenſe-leſs, worth-leſs, and un-honour'd crowd;
Who [97] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their ſticks, before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, the [98] Bear, or the Black-joke.
For Farce the people's true delight affords,
Farce, long the taſte of Mobs, but now of [99] Lords;
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [100] and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt!
With [101] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.

Sive [102] elephas albus *vulgi converteret ora:*
Spectaret populum *ludis attentius ipsis,*
Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura:
Scriptores autem [103] *narrare putaret* asello
Fabellam *surdo. Nam quæ* [104] *pervincere voces*
Evaluere sonum referunt quem nostra theatra?
[105] Garganum mugire *putes* nemus, *aut* mare Tuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,
[106] Divitiæque peregrinæ, *quibus* [107] oblitus actor.
Cum stetit in scena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
"Dixit adhuc aliquid?" Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?
[108] *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Ac ne forte putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

105. *Orcas' stormy steep.*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades.

Let Bear or [102] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The people, ſure, the people are the ſight!
Ah luckleſs [103] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [104] throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [105] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [106] petticoat,
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd
Sinks the [107] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters — hark! the Univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare;
[108] Cato's long Wig, flowr'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet leſt you think I railly more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rymes:

Ire Poeta, [110] *meum qui pectus* inaniter *angit,*

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus, & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

[111] *Verum age, & his, qui se* lectori *credere malunt,*

Quam spectatoris *fastidia ferre superbi,*

Curam redde brevem; si [112] *munus Apolline dignum*

Vis complere libris, *& vatibus addere calcar,*

Ut studio majore petant Helicona virentem.

[113] *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,*

(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum

112. *Munus Apolline dignum,*] The Palatine Library then building by Auguſtus.
362. *Merlin's Cave,*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books.

'Tis He,[110] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns,
Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

[111] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their Mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill [112] a Library with Wit,
When † Merlin's Cave is half unfurniſh'd yet?

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [113] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The [114] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;

[114] Sollicito *damus aut* feſſo: *cum lædimur*, [115] unum

Si quis amiçorum *eſt auſus reprendere* verſum:

Cum loca jam [116] *recitata revolvimus* irrevocati:

Cum [117] *lamentamur non* apparere *labores*

Noſtros, & tenui *deducta poemata* filo:

Cum [118] *ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut ſimul atque*

Carmina *reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro*

Arceſſas, & *egere vetes*, & ſcribere cogas.

Sed tamen eſt [119] operæ precium *cognoſcere*, quales

Ædituos *habeat belli ſpectata domique*

Virtus, [120] indigno *non committenda* poetæ.

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt our ſelves, when to defend
A [115] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [116] unask'd; lament, the [117] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;
And [118] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a Place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land;
Be call'd to Court, to plan ſome work divine,
As once for Loüis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet [119] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chuſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [120] Laureat's weighty place.

[121] *Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille*
Chærilus, incultis qui verſibus & male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis ſe, *præter Apellem,*
Pingeret, *aut alius Lyſippo duceret* æra
Fortis [122] Alexandri vultum ſimulantia: *quod ſi*
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares,
[123] *Bæotum in craſſo jurares aere natum.*

[At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque
Munera quæ, multa dantis cum laude, tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ:]

Nec magis expreſſi [124] *vultus per ahenea ſigna,*
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent: Nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [125] *quam* res *componere* geſtas;
Terrarumque [126] *ſitus, & flumina dicere, & arces*
Montibus impoſitas; & [127] barbara regna, *tuiſque*
Auſpiciis totum [128] confecta duella *per* orbem,

[121] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great [122] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed:
So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning ſpirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben, and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [123] Ruſſian Bear."

Not with ſuch [124] Majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on Marble; as in Verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [125] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [126] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [127] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!

Clauſtraque [128] *Cuſtodem* Pacis *cohibentia Ianum,*
Et [129] *formidatam* Parthis, *te Principe, Romam.*
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque: ſed neque parvum
[130] *Carmen* Majeſtas *recipit* tua, *nec meus audet*
Rem tentare pudor, quem vires ferre recuſant.
Sedulitas autem [131] ſtultè *quem* diligit, *urget,*
Præcipuè cum ſe numeris *commendat & arte.*
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,
Quod quis [132] deridet, *quam quod probat & veneratur.*
Nil moror [133] *officium quod me gravat; ac neque* ficto
In [134] pejus *vultu proponi cereus uſquam,*
Nec pravè factis decorari verſibus, opto:
Ne [135] *rubeam* pingui *donatus* munere; *& una*
Cum [136] *ſcriptore meo, capſa porrectus aperta,*
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[128] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till Earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [129] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [130] Verſe alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
The Zeal of [131] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in ryme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [132] I bite.
A vile [133] Encomium doubly ridicules;
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools;
If true, a [134] woful likeneſs, and if lyes,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [135] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [136] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe.

EPISTOLA II.

AD

JULIUM FLORUM.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni.

Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum

Tibure vel Gabiis, & tecum ſic agat: "*Hic &*

" *Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,*

" *Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;*

" *Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles,*

" *Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti*

THE

SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK of *HORACE.*

DEar Col'nel! COBHAM's and your country's Friend!

You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.

A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins.—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the World:
"His French is pure; his voice too—you ſhall hear—
"Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.

" *Cuilibet: argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ:*

" *Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.*

" *Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi pleniùs æquo*

" *Ludat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.*

" *Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in ære.*

" *Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere à me*

" *Quivis ferret idem. ſemel hic ceſſavit; &, ut fit,*

" *In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.*

" *Des nummos, exepta nihil te ſi* fuga *lædat.*

3 *Ille ferat precium, pœna ſecurus, opinor.*
Prudens emiſti vicioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex.
Inſequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.

Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi, dixi
Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.

" Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe.
" A perfect genius at an Opera-ſong —
" To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong:
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
" His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord:
" But Sir, to you, with what wou'd I not part?
" Tho' faith, I fear 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once, (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
" The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
" (Cou'd you o'erlook but that)— it is, to ſteal.

3 If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfry ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief who ſtole the Caſh, away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

Luculli miles collecta viatica, multis
Ærumnis laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, & ſibi & hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer.
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum.
Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit & bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus caſtellum *evertere prætor*
Neſcio quod *cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem*
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,

You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to ask for verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhime?
In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor Dog! and loſt it to, a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leapt the Trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
" Prodigious well!" his great commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.
Next pleas'd his excellence a Town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and it's no great matter)
" Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) ſee yonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave"—
Don't you remember what reply he gave?

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia. quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, Ibit,
Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit,

Romæ nutriri mihi contigit atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantùm nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem curvo *dignoſcere* rectum,
Atque inter ſilvas Academi quærere *verum.*
Dura ſed emovere loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti *non reſponſura lacertis.*
Unde ſimul primùm me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et laris *& fundi, paupertas impulit audax*
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,

"D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a Sot?
"Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
[6] Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek, the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd as ſoon of our paternal Cell;
And certain laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thundring arm prevail'd.
For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But (thanks to Homer) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,

Quæ *poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare* cicutæ,
Ni melius dormire putem, quàm ſcribere verſus?

Singula de nobis anni prædantur *euntes*;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis ſermonibus, & ſale nigro.

Tres mihi convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,
Poſcentes vario multùm diverſa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter:
Quod petis, id ſanè eſt inviſum acidumque duobus.

Sure I ſhould want the care of ten *Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
7 Years foll'wing years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from our ſelves away;
In one our Frolicks, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:
This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhime?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill
That turn'd ten thouſand Verſes, now ſtands ſtill.
8 But after all, what wou'd you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroicks only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindarick lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg;
Hard task! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves, what Dar---n--f deteſts.
9 But grant I may relapſe, for want of Grace,
Again to rhime, can London be the place?

* *Dr.* MONROE, *Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital.*

Præter cætera, me Romæne *poemata cenſes*

Scribere poſſe, inter tot curas totque labores?

Hic ſponſum vocat, hic auditum ſcripta, relictis

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.

Intervalla vides humanè commoda! "Verum

"Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."

Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemtor;

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:

Hac rabioſa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit ſus.

Who there his muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends?
In crouds and courts, law, buſineſs, feaſts and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read:
In Palace-Yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-Square—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
"Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
"And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A Hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a Thought,
And then a nodding beam, or Pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen at Guild-hall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a Carr?
Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a croud,
Sing thy ſonorous Verſe—but not aloud.

I nunc, & verſus tecum meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes,

Rite cliens Bacchi ſomno gaudentis & umbra.

Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos

Vis canere, & contacta ſequi veſtigia vatum?

Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumſit Athenas,

Et ſtudiis annos ſeptem *dedit, inſenuitque*

Libris & curis, ſtatuâ taciturnius exit

Plerumque, & riſu populum quatit: hæc ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, & tempeſtatibus Urbis,

Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?

Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at *Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhime in this eternal roar?
How match the Bards whom none e'er match'd before?
The man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat
To Books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years compleat,
See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his night-cap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the Sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?
The Temple late two brother Sergeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;

* *Two Villages within a few miles of London.*

Frater erat Romæ Conſulti Rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus ut hic illi foret, hic ut Mucius illi.
Quî minùs argutos vexat furor iſte poetas?
Carmina *compono, hic* elegos; "*mirabile viſu!*
"*Cælatumque novem Muſis opus!*" *aſpice primùm,*
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.
Mox etiam (ſi forte vacas) ſequere, & procul *audi,*
Quid ferat, & quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur, & totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus;
Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine creſcit.

With equal Talents, theſe congenial Souls
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity wou'd make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at M—y, as a Wit.
'Twas, "Sir your law"–and "Sir, your eloquence"–
"Yours Cooper's manner--and yours Talbot's Senſe."
[12] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the nine
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut thro' Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
"My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
"Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you.
"Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
"And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhiming race;

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum.
Cùm ſcribo, & ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem, finitis ſtudiis, & mentè receptâ,
Obturem *patulas* impunè legentibus *aures.*
Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verùm
Gaudent ſcribentes, & ſe venerantur, & ultro,
Si taceas, laudant quidquid ſcripſere, beati.
At qui legitimum *cupiet feciſſe poema,*
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et ſine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis invita *recedant,*
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
Obſcurata diu populo bonus *eruet, atque*
Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,

And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To ſeek applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the Fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough,
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long.
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright thro' the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Such as wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;

Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit & deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet nova, *quæ* genitor produxerit uſus:
Vehemens & liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis *ſpeciem dabit,* & torquebitur; *ut qui*
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.

Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea delectent *mala me, vel denique* fallant.
Quàm ſapere, & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis *Argis,*
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo *lætus ſeſſor plauſorque* theatro:

Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For uſe will father what's begot by ſenſe)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign Tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line;
Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
" But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance,
" As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhiming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.'
There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall Fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:

Cæterea qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis *hoſpes*,
Comis *in uxorem*, poſſet *qui ignoſcere ſervis*,
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire *lagenæ*:
Poſſet qui rupem, & puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: "Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.
Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum pueris *concedere ludum*;
Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed veræ numeroſque modoſque *ediſcere* vitæ.

In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,
Not quite a mad-man, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well:
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare —
My Friends? he cry'd, p--x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.

17 Well, on the whole, then Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave Verſes to the boys at ſchool:
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I learn to ſmooth and harmonize my mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.

18 Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;

Quocirca mecum *loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor :*

Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,

Narrares medicis : quod quanto plura paraſti,

Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes ?

Si vulnus tibi monſtratâ radice vel herbâ

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ

Proficiente nihil curarier : audieras, cui

Rem Dî donarent, illi decedere pravam

Stultitiam ; & cùm ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo

Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iiſdem ?

Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in my penſive Grott.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I ask theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.
[19] If, when the more you drink, the more you crave
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
" Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."
[20] When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,
Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D---! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,

At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minùs te; nempe ruberes,
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.
Si proprium *eſt, quod quis librâ mercatus & ære eſt,*
Quædam (ſi credis conſultis*) mancipat* uſus:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; & villicus Orbi,
Cùm ſegetes occat, tibi mox frumenta daturus,
Te dominum ſentit. das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emtum.
Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, *an* olim?
Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis, & arvi,
Emtum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed vocat uſque ſuum, quà populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia: tanquam

The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[21] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
Rich He—te's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found?
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[22] H—te himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy every ſtick of wood that lends them heat,
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln Town.
The laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:

Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,

Nunc prece, nunc precio, nunc vi, nunc ſorte ſuprema,

Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia perpetuus *nulli datur* uſus, *& heres*

Heredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam;

Quid vici proſunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,

Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curet habere.

Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[23] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour;
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what wou'dſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave:
All vaſt poſſeſſions (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwold hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing granaries and Temples here,
There mingled farms and Pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of Oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[24] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not--and thank heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Cur alter fratrum ceſſare, & ludere, & ungi

Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter

Dives & importunus, *ad umbram lucis ab ortu*

Silveſtrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum,

Scit Genius, *natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,*

NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, *mortalis in unum-*

Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.

Utar, & ex modico, quantum res poſcet acervo

Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,

Quod non plura datis *invenerit. & tamen idem*

Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti

Diſcrepet, & quantum diſcordet parcus avaro,

[25]Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find,
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's turnips, and all Grovenor's mines:
Why one like Bu— with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by ſtrong benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame
[27]Yes Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.
My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor wou'd live without a place:

Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumtum

Invitus facias, neque plura parare labores;

Ac potiùs, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo gratoque *fruaris tempore* raptim.

Pauperies immunda domûs procul abſit. ego, utrùm

Nave ferar magnâ *an* parvâ; *ferar* unus & idem.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:

Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.

Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.

Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto

Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani

But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore,
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid want be far away.

27 What is't to me (a paſſenger God wot)
Whether my veſſel be firſt-rate or not?
The Ship it ſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.

28 "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & irâ?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,

Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?

Natales gratè numeras? ignoſcis amicis?

Lenior & melior fis accedente ſenectâ?

Quid te exemta juvat ſpinis de pluribus una?

Vivere ſi rectè neſcis, decede peritis.

Luſiſti ſatìs, ediſti ſatìs, atque bibiſti:

Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largiùs æquo

Rideat & pulſet laſciva decentiùs ætas.

Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpight of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no fourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your buſineſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
29 Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drunk your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe,
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe.

MAY 10 57

THE FIRST ODE OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

ODARUM

LIB. IV. ODE. I.

Ad Venerem.

INTER *missa Venus diu*
Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor!
Non sum qualis eram, bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ: Desine, dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis: abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

10 MAY 57

THE

FIRST ODE

OF THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

HORACE:

To Venus.

AGAIN? new Tumults in my Breaſt?
Ah ſpare me, Venus! let me, let me reſt!
I am not now, alas! the man
As in the gentle Reign of My Queen *Anne*.
Ah ſound no more the ſoft alarms,
Nor circle ſober fifty with thy Charms.
Mother too fierce of dear Deſirés!
Turn, turn to willing Hearts your wanton fires.

Tempeſtivius in domo

Paulli, *purpureis ales oloribus,*

Comeſſabere Maximi,

Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.

Namque et nobilis & decens,

Et pro ſolicitis non tacitus reis,

Et centum puer artium,

Latè ſigna feret militiæ tuæ.

Et quandoque potentior

Largis muneribus riſerit æmuli,

Albanos prope te lacus

Ponet marmoream, ſub trabe citrea.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura; lyræque & Berecynthiæ

Delectabere tibiæ

Miſtis carminibus, non ſine fiſtulâ.

To *Number five* direct your Doves,
There ſpread round M**y all your blooming Loves;
Noble and young, who ſtrikes the heart
With every ſprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injur'd to defend,
To charm the Miſtreſs, or to fix the Friend.
He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
ſhall ſtretch thy Conqueſts over half the kind:
To him each Rival ſhall ſubmit,
Make but his riches equal to his Wit.
Then ſhall thy Form the Marble grace,——
(Thy Græcian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
His Houſe, emboſom'd in the Grove,
Sacred to ſocial Life and ſocial Love,
Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
Where Thames reflects the viſionary Scene:
Thither, the ſilver-ſounding Lyres
Shall call the ſmiling Loves, and young Deſires;
There, every Grace and Muſe ſhall throng,
Exalt the Dance, or animate the Song;

Illic bis pueri die
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer
Jam, nec ſpes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero :
Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.

—— Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua ſilentio?
Nocturnis te ego ſomniis
Jam captum teneo : jam volucrem ſequor
Te, per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

There, Youths and Nymphs, in conſort gay,
Shall hail the riſing, cloſe the parting day.
With me, alas! thoſe joys are o'er;
For me, the vernal Garlands bloom no more.
Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
The ſtill-believing, ſtill-renew'd deſire;
Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
And all the kind Deceivers of the ſoul!
— But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
Steals down my cheek th'involuntary Tear?
Why words ſo flowing, thoughts ſo free,
Stop, or turn nonſenſe at one glance of Thee?
Thee, dreſt in Fancy's airy beam,
Abſent I follow thro' th'extended Dream,
Now, now I ſeize, I claſp thy charms,
And now you burſt, (ah cruel!) from my arms,
And ſwiftly ſhoot along the Mall,
Or ſoftly glide by the Canal,
Now ſhown by Cynthia's ſilver Ray,
And now, on rolling Waters ſnatch'd away.

10 MAY 57

THE

FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. I. LIB. I.

AD

MÆCENATEM.

PRIMA *dicte mihi, ſummâ dicende Camenâ!*

[2] *Spectatum ſatis, & donatum jam rude, quæris*

(Mæcenas) iterum antiquo me includere ludo?

Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. [3] *Vejanius Armis*

10 MAY 57

EPISTLES
OF
HORACE.

BOOK I.

EPISTLE I.

ST. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [2] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Publick too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [3] Cibber now has left the Stage:

[4] *Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro,*

Ne populum [5] *extremâ, toties, exoret arenâ.*

[6] *Eſt mihi, purgatam crebro qui perſonet aurem;*

"*Solve* [7] *ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne*

"*Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.*"

Nunc itaque, & [8] *Verſus &* cætera ludicra *pono,*

Quid [9] verum *atque* decens, *curo & rogo, &* omnis *in hoc ſum.*

[10] *Condo & compono quæ* mox *depromere poſſim.*

Ac ne forte roges, [11] *quo me* duce, *quo* Lare *tuter?*

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magiſtri,

[12] *Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor* Hoſpes.

Our Gen'rals now, [4] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool evening ſatiate of applauſe,
Nor [5] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.

[6] A Voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [7] Muſe take breath,
" And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
" Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire, or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horſe.'

Farewell then [8] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the Man or Boy,
What [9] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care — for this is All:
To lay this [10] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.

But ask not, to what [11] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [12] ſtorm, at any door I knock,
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke.

Nunc agilis *fio*, & *merſor* [13] civilibus undis,

Virtutis veræ Cuſtos, [14] rigiduſque ſatelles.

Nunc in * *Ariſtippi* [15] furtim *præcepta* relabor,

Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubmittere conor.

[16] *Ut nox longa quibus mentitur amica, dieſque*

Longa videtur opus debentibus, *ut piger annus*

Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:

Sic mihi tarda [17] *fluunt*, ingrataque *tempora, que ſpem*

Conſiliumque morantur *agendi gnaviter* [18] id, *quod*

Æque pauperibus *prodeſt*, locupletibus *æque*,

Æque neglectum pueris, ſenibuſque *nocebit.*

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, & ſtatus, & res.

Sometimes a [13] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttleton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [14] and as warm as true.
Sometimes, with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my [15] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tyde.
[16] Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day;
Long as the Night to her whoſe love's away;
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So ſlow th' [17] unprofitable Moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from Myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [18] task, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe,
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure,
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.

[19] Reſtat, *ut his ego me ipſe regam,* [20] *ſolerque,* Elementis.

[21] *Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,*
Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.
Eſt quâdam prodire [22] *tenus, ſi non datur ultra.*

[23] *Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque Cupidine pectus?*
Sunt verba & voces, *quibus hunc lenire dolorem*
Poſſis, & [24] *magnam morbi deponere partem.*
Laudis amore tumes? ſunt [25] *certa* piacula, *quæ te*
Ter *pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.*
[26] *Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus,* [27] Amator,
Nemo [28] *adeo* ferus *eſt ut non miteſcere poſſit,*
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

[29] *Virtus eſt vitium fugere, & Sapientia prima*
Stultitia caruiſſe — —

[19] Late as it is, I put my ſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [20] comfort, not to be a fool.
[21] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [22] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [23] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll
([24] Between the Fits) this Fever of the ſoul:
Know, there are Rhymes, which ([25] freſh and freſh ap-
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride. [ply'd)
Be [26] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad or drunk,
[27] Slave to a Wife or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [28] Bear —
All that we ask is but a patient Ear.
[29] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.

— Vides, quæ [30] *maxima credis*

Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,

Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore?

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,

Per [31] *mare* pauperiem *fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:*

Ne cures [32] *ea que* ſtulte *miraris & optas*

Diſcere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis? * *

" [33] *Vilius argentum eſt auro, virtutibus aurum* —

" [34] *O cives, cives! quærenda Pecunia primum eſt,*

" *Virtus poſt nummos — Hæc* [35] Janus ſummus *ab* imo

Prodocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata, ſeneſque,

[36] *Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.*

But to the world, no [30] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.
To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing, to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [32] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?

Here, Wiſdom calls: [33] "Seek Virtue firſt! be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: [34] "Get Mony, Mony ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [35] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [36] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches Sticks at Weſtminſter.

Eſt [37] *animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque—*

Si quadringentis ſex, ſeptem millia deſint,

[38] Plebs *eris* —

[39] *At pueri ludentes,* ‘Rex *eris (aiunt)*

”*Si recte facies.*” *Hic* [40] murus aheneus *eſto,*

Nil conſcire *ſibi, nullâ palleſcere culpâ!*

[41] *Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum*

Nœnia? quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,

Et Maribus [42] Curiis, & *decantata* Camillis?

[43] *Iſne tibi melius ſuadet, qui “ Rem facias, rem,*

”*Si poſſis, recte, ſi non, quocunque modo rem.*”

Barnard in [37] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds.
" Pray then what wants he?" fourſcore thouſand pounds,
A Penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Beſtia fain would have.
Barnard, thou art a [38] Cit, with all thy worth;
Beſtia and Bug, Their Honours, and ſo forth.

Yet every [39] child another ſong will ſing,
" Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [40] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.

[41] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [42] CRESSY and POITIERS?

[43] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, " Be but Great,
" With Praiſe or Infamy, leave that to fate;
" Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with Grace;
" If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.

Ut [44] *proprius ſpectes lacrymoſa Poemata Pupi!*

An, [45] *qui Fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ*

Liberum & erectum, [46] præſens *hortatur, & aptat?*

[47] *Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur*

Non, ut [48] *porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iiſdem,*

Nec ſequar aut fugiam quos diligit ipſe, vel odit?

Olim quod [49] *Vulpes ægroto cauta Leoni*

Reſpondit, referam: "*Quia me veſtigia terrent*

"*Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.*

[50] Bellua multorum *eſt* capitum, *nam quid ſequar,*

aut quem?

Pars hominum geſtit [51] *conducere* Publica. *Sunt qui*

For what? to have a [44] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [45] he, who bids thee face, with ſteddy view,
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs thro':
And, [46] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If [47] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Shou'd chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S* take ſcandal at a ſpark,
That leſs admires the [48] Palace than the Park;
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [49] Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, Dread Sir! your Royal Cave;
"Becauſe I ſee, by all the Tracks about,
"Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none comes out."
Adieu to Virtue! if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her Grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [50] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing, but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:

[52] *Cruſtis* & Pomis, *Viduas venentur avaras,*

Excipiantque Senes quos in vivaria mittunt.

[53] Multis *occulto creſcit res fœnore* —

—[54] *Verum*

Eſto, aliis alios rebus, ſtudiiſque teneri:

Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?

[55] " *Nullus in orbe locus* Baiis *prelucet amœnis:*"

Si dixit Dives, [56] *lacus* & *mare* ſentit *amorem*

Feſtinantis *heri. Cui ſi* [57] *vitioſa* Libido

Fecerit auſpicium, *cras*, " *ferramenta* Teanum

Their [51] Country's wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main:
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews;
Some [52] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the ſilent growth of ten per Cent,
In Dirt and darkneſs [53] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [54] purſues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone.
But ſhow me one, who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [55] ſail'd forth, the evening bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
[56] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo! th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimzy, or that [57] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;

" Tolletis, fabri! —

— [58] Lectus genialis in aula eſt?

Nit ait eſſe prius, melius nil cælibe vita:

[59] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.

[60] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Quid [61] pauper? *ride: mutat* [62] cænacula, lectos,

Balnea, [63] tonſores; conducto [64] navigio, *æque*

Nauſeat ac locuples, quem ducit priva tiremis.

[65] *Si curtatus* inæquali *tonſore capillos*

Occurro, rides; ſi forte ſubucula pexæ

Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga diſſidet impar,

" Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
" For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."

At am'rous Flavio is the [58] Stocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lye alone.
[59] The Fool whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial Solace dies a martyr.
Did ever [60] Proteus, Merlin, any Witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
" Well, but the [61] Poor — the Poor have the ſame itch:
They change their [63] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge their Garrets, move their Beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [64] hire their Sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the Climate — like a Lord.
[65] You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I ſtand,
My Wig all powder, and all ſnuff my Band;
You laugh, if Coat and Breeches ſtrangely vary,
White Gloves, and Linnen worthy Lady Mary!

Rides: quid? [66] *mea cum pugnat* Sententia *ſecum,*

Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;

[67] *Æſtuat, & Vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;*

[68] *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?*

[69] *Inſanire putas ſolennia me; neque rides,*

Nec [70] Medici *credis, nec* Curatoris *egere*

A Prætore *dati? rerum* [71] *Tutela mearum*

Cum ſis, & pravè ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,

De te pendentis, te ſuſpicientis, *Amici.*

But when [66] no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each Opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [67] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [68] plant, root up, I build, and then confound,
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[69] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [70] once to Chanc'ry, nor to * Hales apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree;
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [71] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This, he who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd, [preſs'd;
Rich [73] ev'n when plunder'd, [75] honour'd while op-
Lov'd [76] without youth, and follow'd without power,
At home tho' exil'd, [74] free, tho' in the Tower:

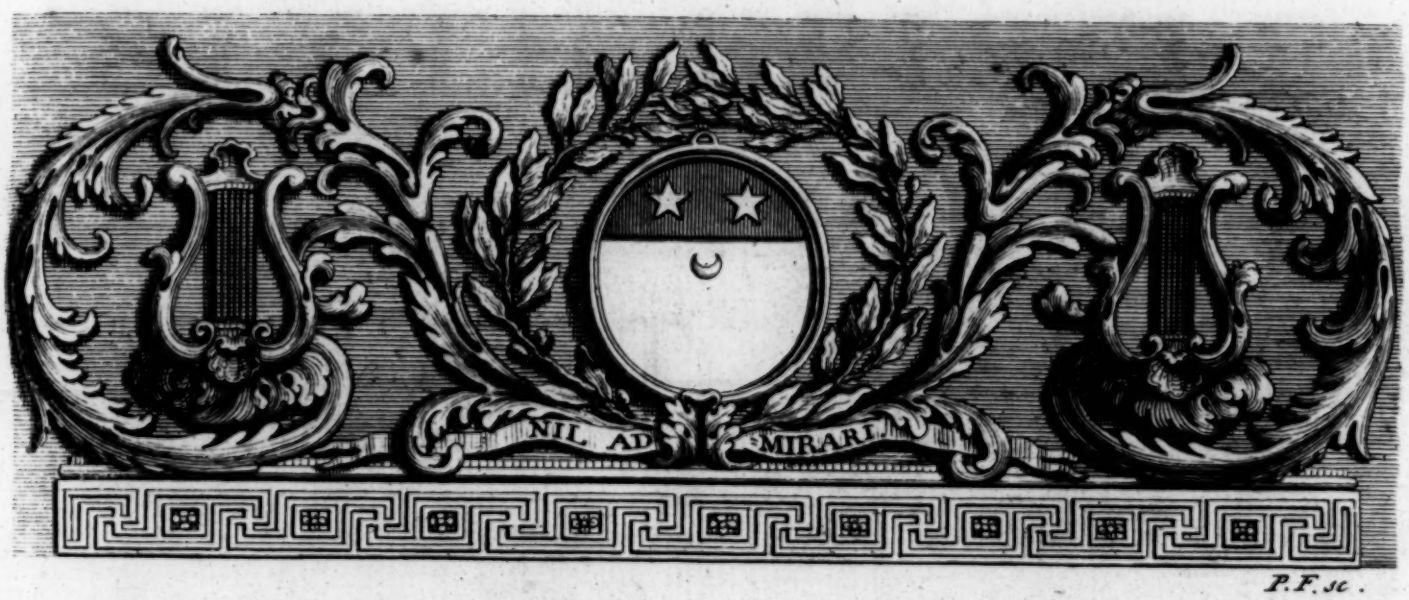
* The Doctor of Bedlam.

Ad ſummam, Sapiens *uno* [72] *minor eſt* Jove! [73] *Dives!*
[74] *Liber!* [75] *honoratus!* [76] *pulcher!* —
— [77] *Rex denique regum!*
Præcipue ſanus —
— [78] *Niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.*



W. Kent inv. *P. Fourdrinier Sculp.*

In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [72] leſs than Jove, and [77] much above a King,
Nay half in Heav'n — [78] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-god.



P. F. sc.

THE

SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

HORACE.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

EPIST. VI. LIB. I.

AD

NŪMICIUM.

NIL Admirari, *prope res eſt una, Numici!*
Solaque, quæ poſſit facere & ſervare beatum.
[2] *Hunc Solem, & Stellas, & decedentia certis*
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [3] *formidiue nulla*
Imbuti, ſpectent. —

THE SIXTH EPISTLE OF THE FIRST BOOK of *HORACE.*

"NOT to Admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no
flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.]

[2] This Vault of air, this congregated Ball,
Self-centred Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look thro', and truſt the Ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view [3] this dreadful All without a fear.

—[4] *Quid cenſes munera Terræ?*

Quid Maris, extremos Arabas [5] *ditantis, & Indos?*

Ludicra, quid, [6] *plauſus, & amici dona Quiritis,*

Quo ſpectanda modo, [7] *quo* ſenſu *credis, &* ore?

[8] *Qui* timet *his adverſa, fere miratur eodem*

Quo cupiens *pacto; pavor eſt* utriqueque *moleſtus:*

Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret utrumque.

[9] *Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat, metuatve, quid ad rem?*

Si, quicquid videt melius, pejuſve ſua ſpe,

Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet?

[10] *Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,*

Ultra quam ſatis eſt, virtutem *ſi petat ipſam.*

[11] *I nunc, argentum & marmor* [12] vetus, *æraque &* artes

Admire we then what [4] Earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold?
All the mad trade of [5] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [6] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [7] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?
If weak the [8] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [9] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good, or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [10] Vertue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[11] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a *Taſte* to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [12] Parian Charms with learned eyes:

Suſpice; cum gemmis [13] *Tyrios mirare colores:*

Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te mille loquentem:

Gnavus [15] *mane forum, & veſpertinus pete tectum:*

[16] *Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris*

Mucius. Indignum, quod ſit pejoribus ortus!

[17] *Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi?*

[18] *Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet Ætas,*

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [19] *Quum bene notum*

Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conſpexerit Appi,

Ire tamen reſtat Numa [20] *quo devenit &* Ancus.

Be ſtruck with bright [13] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles ſplendid Livery:
If not ſo pleas'd, at [14] Council-board rejoyce,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [15] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [16] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [17] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloë, blind to Wit and Worth,
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [18] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd CRAGS's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.
Grac'd as thou art, [19] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords;
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far) where Kings and Poets lye;

[21] *Si latus, aut renes morbo tententur acuto.*

Quere fugam morbi —

— [22] *Vis recte vivere? quis non?*

Si virtus hoc una *poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis*

Hoc age deliciis ——

— [23] *Virtutem verba putas, ut*

Lucum ligna? [24] cave ne portus occupet alter,

Ne Cybiratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.

Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[21] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There, all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [22] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be Virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
[23] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One, who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [24] then, on all the wings of wild deſire!
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold:

[25] *Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera: porro*
Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet [26] *Uxorem* cum dote, fidemque, & [27] Amicos,
Et genus & formam *regina* [28] *Pecunia donat:*
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget æris [29] Cappadocum rex;
Ne fueris hic tu —

— [30] *Chlamydes Lucullus (ut aiunt)*
Si poſſet centum Scenæ præbere rogatus,
Qui poſſum tot? ait: tamen & quæram, & quot habebo
Mittam. Poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[31] *Exilis domus eſt, ubi non & multa* ſuperſunt,

[25] Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
On the broad baſe of fifty thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [26] Wife with half as many more,
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [27] Friends — as cannot fail to laſt.
A [28] Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [29] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe)
His Wealth brave [30] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[31] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble ſuperfluity it craves,
Not for your ſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;

Et dominum fallunt, & profunt furibus. [32] *Ergo,*

Si res ſola poteſt facere & ſervare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.

[33] *Si Fortunatum ſpecies & gratia præſtat,*

[34] Mercemur *ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum*

Qui fodiat latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram

Porrigere, [36] *Hic multum in* Fabia *valet, ille* Velina:

Cuilibet hic faſces dabit, eripietque curule

Cui volet importunus *ebur.* [37] *Frater, pater, adde:*

Ut cuique eſt ætas, ita quemque [38] facetus *adopta.*

Si, [39] *bene qui cænat, bene vivit;* "*lucet, eamus*

"*Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur:*" *ut* [40] *olim*

Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[32] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.
[33] But if to Pow'r and Place your Paſſion lye,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the Joy;
Then [34] hire a Slave, or (if you will, a Lord)
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crouds approach,
To whom [35] to nod, whom take into your Coach;
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [36] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks;
"This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair;
"That makes three Members, this can chuſe a May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [37] Son, or Cozen at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [38] laugh at your own Jeſt.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [39] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;

Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,

Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,

Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret

Emptum mulus aprum —

— [41] *Crudi, tumidique lavemur,*

Quid deceat, *quid non, obliti: Cerite cera*

Digni, [42] remigium vitioſum *Ithacenſis Ulyſſei,*

Cui potior [43] patria *fuit interdicta voluptas.*

[44] *Si (Mimnermus uti cenſet) ſine* amore, jociſque,

Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore, jociſque.

[45] *Vive, vale! ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*

Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite —
So [40] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [41] ev'ry Decency confound,
Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round,
Go dine with Charters, in each Vice out-do
[42] K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or Foreign Flame,
Renounce our [43] Country, and degrade our Name?
If, after all, we muſt with [44] Wilmot own,
The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
And Swift cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
[45] Adieu – if this advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

10 MAY 57

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

I.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
In every Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord

II.

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood!
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this,—that Thou art Good,
And I my ſelf am blind:

Yet

III.

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left Conſcience free, and Will.

IV.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to doe,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

V.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T'enjoy, is to obey.

10 57 MAY

VI.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round.

VII.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

VIII.

If I am right, thy Grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better Way.

Save

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Save

IX.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At ought thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodneſs lent.

X.

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

XI.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo
Since quicken'd by thy Breath,
Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life, or Death:

This

XII.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot;
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd, or not;
And let Thy Will be done.

XIII.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies;
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

FINIS.

EPITAPHS

BY

Mr. *POPE.*

His ſaltem accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere! VIRG.

MR. POPE

BY

EPITAPHS

EPITAPHS.

I.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III. *who having reſigned his place, dyed in his Retirement at* Eaſthamſted *in* Berkſhire, 1716.

A Pleaſing form; a firm, yet cautious mind,
Sincere, tho' prudent, conſtant, yet reſign'd;
Honour unchang'd, a principle profeſt,
Fix'd to one ſide, but mod'rate to the reſt:

An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth;
A ſcorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from ſuperſtition free;
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this man was; who now from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

II.

On CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET,

In the Church of Knolle *in* Kent.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd!
The Scourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:

Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
Bleſt Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
As ſhow'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other Buckhurſts, other Dorſets ſhine,
And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.



W.K. inv. *P.F. sc.*

III.

On the Honble SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT: *at the Church of* Stanton-Harcourt *in* Oxfordſhire, 1720.

TO this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near.
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If POPE muſt tell what HARCOURT cannot ſpeak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,

V.

In Westminster-Abby.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair shrine we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
Beneath a * rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!

* The Tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this Hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph.

This Sheffield *rais'd. The sacred Dust below*
Was Dryden *once: The rest who does not know?*

Which the Author since chang'd into the plain Inscription now on it, being only the Name of that Great Poet,

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631.
Mortuus Maij 1, 1701.

Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis, fecit.

One grateful woman to thy fame ſupplies
What a whole thankleſs land to his denies.

V.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breaſt.

HERE reſts a Woman, good without pretence,
Bleſt with plain Reaſon and with ſober Senſe;
No Conqueſts ſhe, but o'er herſelf deſir'd,
No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Paſſion and Pride were to her ſoul unknown,
Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, ſo compos'd a mind,
So firm yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong yet ſo refin'd,
Heav'n, as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd;
The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VI.

On the Monument of the Honble ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Sister* MARY, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of* Sherborne *in* Dorſetſhire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted Youth,
Of modeſt wiſdom, and pacifick truth:
Juſt of thy word, in every thought ſincere,
Who knew no wiſh but what the world might hear:
Of ſofteſt manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Compos'd in ſuff'rings, and in joy ſedate,
Good without noiſe, without pretenſion great.
Go live! for heav'ns Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou bleſt Maid! attendant on his doom,
Penſive haſt follow'd to the ſilent tomb,
Steer'd the ſame courſe to the ſame quiet ſhore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!

Go then, where only bliſs ſincere is known,
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one.
Yet take theſe tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we ſhare your joys, forgive our grief;
Theſe little rites, a Stone, a Verſe, receive,
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,

In Weſtminſter-Abby, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Maſter taught,
Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures thought;
Now for two ages having ſnatch'd from fate
Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great,
Reſts crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe.

* Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herſelf may die.

VIII.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Weſtminſter-Abby, 1729.

HEre WITHERS reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O ſoft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the ſigh ſincere.
WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial ſpirit, or thy Social love!

* *Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.*

—— Raphael, timuit quo ſoſpite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori.

Amidſt corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave ſome ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us ſay, (thoſe Engliſh glories gone)
The laſt true Briton lies beneath this ſtone.

IX.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Eaſthamſted *in* Berks, 1730.

THis modeſt Stone what few vain Marbles can
May truly ſay, here lies an honeſt Man.
A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great.
Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;

From Nature's temp'rate feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

X.

On Mr. GAY,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

SEvere of Morals, but of Nature mild;
In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child;
Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great;
A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
Theſe are Thy Honors! not that here thy Buſt
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt,
But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms — *Here* lies GAY.

XI.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Weſtminſter-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS
Quem Immortalem
Teſtantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:
Mortalem
Hoc Marmor fatetur.

Nature, and Natures Laws lay hid in Night.
God ſaid, *Let Newton be!* and All was *Light.*

XI.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq;*
in *Weſtminſter Abbey.*

JACOBUS CRAGGS
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR & DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS HEU PAUCOS XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of ſoul ſincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
Ennobled by Himſelf, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, Eſq; *Secretary of State.*

A Soul as full of Worth as void of Pride,
Which nothing ſeeks to ſhow, or needs to hide;
Which nor to guilt, nor fear, its caution owes,
And boaſts a warmth that from no paſſion flows.
A Face untaught to feign; a judging eye,
That darts ſevere upon a riſing lye,
And ſtrikes a bluſh thro' frontleſs Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then ſcorn to gain a friend by ſervile ways,
Nor wiſh to loſe a foe theſe virtues raiſe;
But candid, free, ſincere, as you began,
Proceed — a Miniſter, but ſtill a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Aſham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me;
The Patriot's plain, but untrod path purſue;
If not, 'tis I muſt be aſham'd of You.

ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAppy the man, whoſe wiſh and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whoſe herds with milk, whoſe fields with bread,
Whoſe flocks ſupply him with attire,
Whoſe trees in ſummer yield him ſhade,
In winter fire.
Bleſt, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years ſlide ſoft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound ſleep by night, Study and Eaſe
Together mixt, ſweet recreation,
And Innocence, which moſt does pleaſe,
With meditation.
Thus let me live, unſeen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a ſtone
Tell where I lie!

The DYING CHRISTIAN *to his* SOUL.

VItal ſpark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away!
What is this abſorbs me quite,
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The World recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?



ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE I.

FR.

NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court ſee nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, beſides, too *Moral* for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all muſt feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I ſee you ſteal?

'Tis all from *Horace*; *Horace* long before ye,
Said, Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;
And taught his *Romans*, in much better metre,
To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in *Peter*.
But *Horace*, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo obſerves, he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice*:
Horace would ſay, *Sir* Billy *ſerv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could do *Buſineſs*, H–ggins *knew the Town*.
In *Sapho* touch the *Failings of the Sex*,
In rev'rend *Su—n* note ſome *ſmall Neglects*,
And own, the *Spaniard* did a *waggiſh thing*,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtile
Could pleaſe at Court, and make AUGUSTUS ſmile:
An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*. †
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—

† *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico*
Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.
Perſ.

And

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r:
Seen him, un-cumber'd with the Venal Tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks Mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh He laughs, no doubt,
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:

Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.
If any ask you, "Who's the Man ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his Ear?
Why anſwer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.
Sejanus, *Wolſey*, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.
Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends; and if your Friends are ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the Jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come harmleſs *Characters* that no one hit,
Come *Henley*'s Oratory, *Osborn*'s Wit!
The Honey dropping from *Ty—l*'s tongue,
The Flow'rs of *Bub—ton*, the Flow of *Y—ng*;
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That firſt was *H—vy*'s, *F—*'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then *H—vy*'s once agen.
O come, that eaſy *Ciceronian* ſtile,
So *Latin*, yet ſo *Engliſh* all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of *Middleton* and *Bland*,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then might I ſing without the leaſt Offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation*'s *Senſe*;
Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,

And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and All her Children bleſt!
So — Satire is no more — I feel it die —
No *Gazeteer* more innocent than I.
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave.

F. Why ſo? if Satire know its Time and Place,
You ſtill may laſh the Greateſt — in Diſgrace:
For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal *S—k*, and grave *De—re!*
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe, may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet *Nepenthe* of a Court;

There,

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the ſenſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all Eyes,
No Cheek is known to bluſh, no Heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig-Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Mother, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall *Cibber*'s Son, without rebuke
Swear like a Lord? or *Rich* out-whore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's *Porter* with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?

Shall

Shall *Ward* draw Contracts with a Stateſman's skill?
Or *Japhet* pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for *Bond* or *Peter* (paltry Things!)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?
If * *Blount* diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the Man,
And ſo may'ſt Thou, Illuſtrious † *Paſſeran!*
But ſhall a *Printer*, weary of his life,
Learn from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This, this my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin.*
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Out-do *L–d–ffe*, in Doctrine — yea, in Life:
Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.

---

* Author of a Book intitled, The Oracles of Reaſon.
† Author of another, call'd, A Philoſophical Diſcourſe on Death.

Virtue

Virtue may chuſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* own her, and ſhe's mean no more:
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs:
In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws;
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old *England*'s Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the duſt! his Arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!

See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame."
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice All, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore.
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"*Nothing is ſacred now but Villany.*"

Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. IS all a Libel—*P-xt-n* (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to day.
How ſhou'd I fret, to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the Sins of *Thirty nine!*
Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;

Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n **Guthry* ſaves half *Newgate* by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.

P. How Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſowze on all the kind.
Ye Stateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts! *F.* Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who ſtarv'd a Mother, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame-*F.* You mean-*P.* I don't *F.* You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—*F.* Hold! too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector–*F.* There you ſtoop too low.

P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

* The Ordinary of *Newgate*, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors.

Muſt

Muſt great Offenders once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires;
As Beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppoſe I cenſure — you know what I mean —
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.

P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Land be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched * *Wild*,
Or if a Court or Country's made a Job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.

But Sir, I beg you, for the Love of Vice!
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice:
Have you leſs Pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?

* Jonathan Wild, *a famous Thief and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own Train, and hanged.*

Alas!

Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there — why lay it on a King.

F. Stop! ſtop!

P. Muſt Satire, then, nor *riſe*, nor *fall?*
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogue at all.

F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now ſuch obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n *Peter* trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always *Peter? Peter* thinks you mad;
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to Virtue ſome years hence —

P. As *S — k*, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.

F. Strange ſpleen to *S — k!*

P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.

When

When I confeſs, there *is* who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleas'd let me own, in **Eſher*'s peaceful Grove
(Where *Kent* and Nature vye for PELHAM's Love)
The Scene, the Maſter, opening to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGS anew!
Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart,
Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love:
I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALIFAX, were mine.
Oft in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON's calm Senſe, and STANHOPE's noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:

* The Houſe and Gardens of *Eſher* in *Surrey*, deſign'd by Mr. *Kent*.

How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD, forget,
While *Roman* Spirit charms, and *Attic* Wit?
ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own?
Names which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay, No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my Lays;
I follow *Virtue*, where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe,
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my † LORD MAY'R.

† *Sir John Barnard*, Lord Mayor of *London* in the Year 1738.

Some,

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Byaſs to a Knave:
To find an honeſt Man, I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
P. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe — the Task can ne'er be done,
Each Mother asks it for her booby Son;
Each Widow asks it for the Beſt of Men,
For him ſhe weeps, and him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe:
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICHELIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.

No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!
—What are you thinking? *F.* Faith, the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about.
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lye.
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark, deſigning Knave,
St. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call *Verres*, *Wolſey*, any odious name?

Why

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine
Oh All-accompliſh'd St. JOHN! deck thy Shrine?
What? ſhall each ſpur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When *Pax–n* gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend?
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchets Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:
Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's-ſake, where's th' Affront to you?

Againſt your Worſhip what has *S—k* writ?
When did *Ty—l* hurt you with his Wit?
Or grant, the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend,
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend.*]
To *W—le* guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?

The Prieſt, whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.
And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame.
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame:
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in Huts of *Weſtphaly*;
If one, thro' Nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a Meſs almoſt as it came in;

The

The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouſe:
The laſt, full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.
P. This filthy Simile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach—*P.* So does Flat'ry mine;
And all your Courtly Civet-Cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—*Japhet*, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and *Chartres* ſcarce could write or read,
In all the Courts of *Pindus* guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write:
And muſt no Egg in *Japhet*'s face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the Inſult's not on Man, but God?

Ask

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould be yours;
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by *Ridicule* alone.
O ſacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide;
Rev'rent

Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.

Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muſe's wing ſhall bruſh you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordſhip ſings,
All that make Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings;
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Preſs,
Like the laſt Gazette, or the laſt Addreſs.

When black Ambition ſtains a Publick Cauſe,
A Monarch's ſword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not *Waller*'s Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor *Boileau* turn the † Feather to a Star.

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† See his Ode on *Namur*; where (to uſe his own words) *il a fait un Aſtre de la* Plume blanche *qui le Roy porte ordinairement a ſon Chapeau, & qui eſt en effet une eſpece de* Comete, *fatale a nos ennemis.*

Not

Not ſo, when diadem'd with Rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s [Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to dye,
And ope's the Temple of Eternity.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as *Anſtis* caſts into the Grave;
Far other *Stars*, than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to *Mor—ton* from STAIR:
(Such, as on *HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY! from a Heart like thine)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honours not confer'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſickening ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.

Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law:

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* Dr. *Hough* Biſhop of *Worceſter*

Here

Here, Laſt of *Britons!* let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line!
F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.*

FINIS.

10 57 MAY